

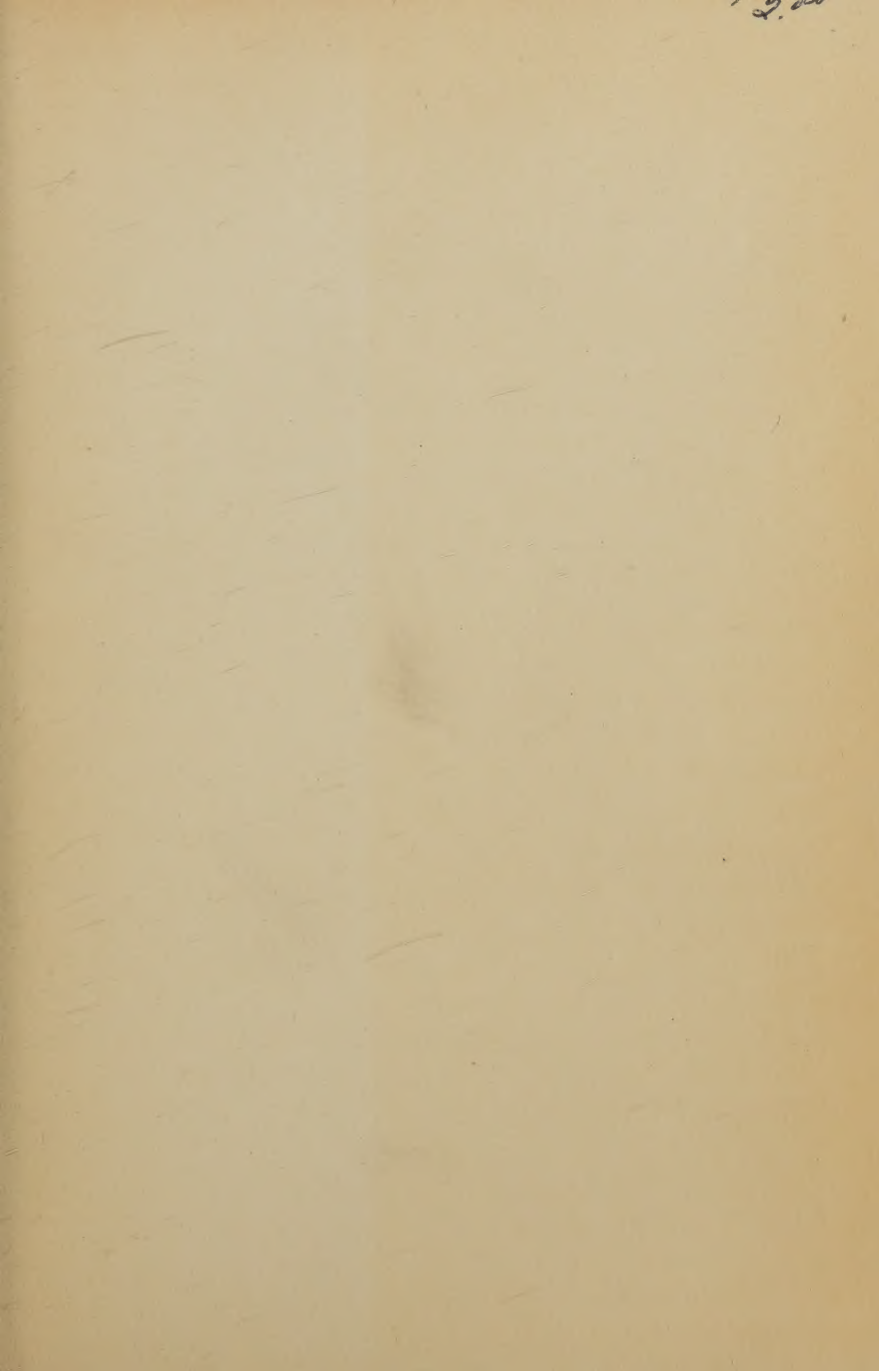
ODES
AND
FANCIES

MOTHER M. GERMAINE
M. A.



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OUR LADY OF THE IVY

ODES
AND
FANCIES

BY
MOTHER M. GERMAINE, M.A.

A SISTER SERVANT
OF THE IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY

NEW YORK
P. J. KENEDY & SONS

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ODES AND FANCIES

ODE ON THE RESURRECTION

IT was the noon of night, the heavens were
bare,

Save for the Paschal moon that shining there
Kept in the zenith sympathetic tryst,

And bathed in silv'ry light the tomb of Christ.
The structure, builded in a rude design,

Pushed back into the sheltering hills,
And rolling in a groove which cut the base,

A ponderous stone the gaping entrance fills.
The seal of Cæsar closed the sacred tomb,

A symbol of his vastly dreaded power—
The Roman guards lay sleeping strewn around,

The chill of springtime crept into the hour.
The sentinel, with slow and measured tread,

Turned in his beat to trace the selfsame path,
The while the sleepers strove in ghastly dreams,

And yelled aloud in vengeance or in wrath.

The hour grew weird, and weirder grew the
plain,

A night bird homing to some distant farm,
A jackal cry among the distant hills,

Did swell the event to tremulous alarm.

E'en he on watch, a man of iron frame,

Rebuked himself for cowardice and fear.

Counts his strong pulse to solve its inner cause,

Perchance a fever of the brain was lurking
near.

He mused: "I know the battle's stress and
strain,

Have dared the strongest foeman's tempered
steel,

And now I shake as with an ague chill.

What means the trepidation which I feel?"

He stayed his step—whence came that earth-
quake sound?

"Awake, ye men, to arms!" he instant cried;
But they upstarting from the sleepy ground,

Beheld One there, Whom late they crucified.

He is the man they vouched for, one and all,

He clearly shines right through the massive
stone,

Which instant stood, then fell with awful thud,

And left the Saviour standing there alone.

The guardsmen's blood ran cold, and weak with
fear,

The legion soldiers fell as half-dead men,
Obsessed by that dread figure at the tomb,
But dared not look upon His mien again.
But Jesus passed beyond the jutting wall,
Where cypress and pomegranate darkly
reared,

And down a curving pathway wended on,
And in the shadowy garden disappeared.
The soldiers freed at length from terror's grip,
Back to the city in confusion fled,
And soon the story that the night watch told,
That Christ was risen, to all the people
spread.

Sing, O Jerusalem, the Lord is risen!

Is risen from the dead,

Is risen as He said.

At dawn He broke the bonds of death and
prison.

Let Easter joys pervade the Temple
room;

Let Alleluias fill the empty tomb.

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

The Roman seal flaps idly in the wind,
The linens lie in place,
Within the empty space.
The Saviour's name engages every mind.
Throughout the world, let Easter joys
abound,
And music swell, the loud triumphal
sound.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

We know, indeed, that our Redeemer lives,
The cross has opened heaven,
The proof of Godhead given,
The primal sin of man the Lord forgives.
Now Alleluias rend the Easter skies,
And listening angels join in Paradise,
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

As dawn was spreading all along the East,
Three holy women climbed the dolorous plain,
Bearing rich ointment, spices for the tomb,
Wherein the Saviour of the world was lain.
And one of these was Mary of Salome,
And one Johanna, very dear to Christ,
The last was Magdalen, who sorrowed sore,
The same who at the Cross kept doleful tryst.

They troubled much upon the darksome way,
Who should roll back for them the weighty
stone?

Since their united strength was not enough,
Some greater power must move it than their
own.

A near approach revealed the entrance clear,
The massive stone already was rolled back,
Their hastening footsteps speed on speed did
gain,

Nor aught of curiosity did lack.

Within the vacant tomb two angels sat,
And one addressing them in such words said:

“Why seek ye Him Who plainly is not here?

In vain ye seek the living with the dead.”

But Mary Magdalen, whose sorrow knew no
bound,

Wept at the tomb, and scanned the rocky
space.

With woman's care she noted each detail,

The anointing slab, the linens each in place.

“Why weepest thou?” the pitying angel said,

And sought her flowing sorrow to restrain.

“Oh, they have taken hence my Lord,” she
cried,

“I know not where His body they have lain.”

Then turning, as if seeking she might find,
Renewed her sorrow o'er and o'er again.
To one she deemed the gardener, passing by,
"O Sir," she cried in piteous address,
"If thou hast taken Him away perchance,
Tell me, Oh, tell me, lighten my distress."
"Why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou?"
And then—
"Mary," He said, in voice of yesterdays.
"Rabboni! Master!"—she in quick surprise—
And falls before Him in adoring praise.
At Jesus' word, she went to the Eleven,
And told the Resurrection of the Lord,
Which Peter, John, on hearing straightway
ran,
To be a witness to the thing they heard.
'Twas when the ten at evening table sat,
With close shut doors, because they feared
the Jews,
The risen Saviour stood there in their midst,
And all His love and trust in them renews.
But Thomas was not present with the rest,
Nor would believe that they had seen the
Lord.
But rather thought the agitation of their minds
Had caused the vision which they put in
words.

“Unless I put my finger in His hands,
And put my hand into His open side,
And see the nail prints which He did receive,
I will not own Him as the Crucified.”

Another time, assembled in the Cenacle,
Came Thomas just to while away the day.
The doors being shut, the Lord stood in their
midst,

Saluting peace, as was His usual way.
But Thomas stood as one death-stricken there,
Which Jesus noting called the doubter near:
“Place here thy finger in My hands,” He said,
“Draw hither, Thomas, lay aside thy fear.
Now put thy hand into My side, as well,
And be not faithless, but accept the proof.”
Low down at Jesus’ feet the doubter fell,
“My Lord, my God!” he cried in humble
tone,

In these few words he spoke his faith, his love.
And his confession carried weighty proof,
As all the others, and perhaps above.

Rejoice, O blessed Mary,
In the triumph of thy Son,
For the Christ is truly risen,
And faith’s victory is won.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Look into His face now beaming,
Where death's shadow late hath been,
List the exultant Alleluias
Of a world redeemed from sin.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Glory, glory in the highest,
Let the Alleluias ring,
Honor, glory, might, and blessing
To the risen Saviour sing.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

Rejoice, rejoice, sweet Mother,
Wipe away those shining tears,
We shall sing our Saviour's glory,
Through the everlasting years.
Alleluia! Alleluia!

ON THE ASCENSION OF OUR LORD

THE Saviour stands upon the mountain top,
The gateway of the skies
Within His vision lies.
The west'ring sun with amethyst and gold,
Makes bright the path to Paradise.
Clouds go sailing, sailing
The immeasurable blue,
Such fantasies are building.
As artist never knew.

The Saviour speaks in words of last commands,
At this supremest hour
He lingers still to dower
The ransomed world with everlasting love.
He lifts of His own power,
He waves His hands in blessing,
His faithful friends caressing,
In radiance of glory He ascends,
His majesty confessing.

Why stand ye idle, men of Galilee,
In sad affright and gloom?
At the dread crack of doom,
Shall Christ again appear enthroned in light,
The heavens His judgment room.
With overflowing hearts,
The loving group departs
And straightway seek the designated place,
The Cenacle—the room apart.

UNDER THE SANCTUARY LAMP

I came on a great cathedral
Whose towers pricked the sky,
And whose wrought bronze door swung
 open
 To the people passing by.

A sentinel light in the chancel
Kept guard at the Upper Room,
A resplendent tabernacle
Half-hid in the mystic gloom.

And the Lord of the tabernacle
Awaited His people's prayer,
For age, and youth, and childhood
Alike had audience there.

Beneath the lamp I noticed
A man with priestly face,
Who made his plea to Jesus,
Then glided from the place.

Next one of worldly bearing,
A man of learned brow,
Under the gleaming lamplight,
Holds pleading converse now.

An aged woman comes apace,
With faded eyes and dim,
Her nervous fingers telling
Her latest care to Him.

Then mother with a daughter fair
Close nestling to her side,
Looks up with tender, tearful glance
Unto the Crucified.

And now a roguish little lad
Kneels underneath the ray,
He leaves a bunch of roses there,
And quickly goes away.

I came on a great cathedral
Whose towers pricked the sky,
And I thanked the King most holy,
Who lists each human cry.

JESUS

After St. Bernard.

JESUS, the music of Thy name
Brings joy into my soul;
It seems to draw Thy presence near,
With all its sweet control.

No worldly thought can swell the heart,
When Thou art by my side;
My nothingness too plain appears,
And so confounds my pride.

Sweet as the warbling of a bird
Announcing days of spring;
Thy name uplifts my soul to prayer,
And life begins to sing.

Sweet as the fragrance of the hedge
A-weight with snowy bloom;
Sweet as the woodland banks and braes,
A million flowers' perfume.

Sweet as the breath on mountain height,
That stirs the healing pine,
And lifts to life the dying frame
With tenderness benign.

Sweet as the babbling of the brook
That tinkles through the vale,
And sings for joy, of life and love,
In never-ending tale.

Sweet as the peace of midnight lake
That holds a reflex star,
And lifts the thinking mind to trace
Its vaulted home afar.

Sweet as the shade of friendly trees
On roads of sun-baked clay,
After the sand, the wind, the scorch
Of some lone desert way.

Sweet as the love I ever hear
Within my father's voice;
Sweet as the memory of a home
That makes my heart rejoice.

Sweet as my mother's gracious words
When angels led to heaven;
Sweet as the vision of her face
That left my poor heart riven.

Sweet as the sinner's true return
Unto Thy friendship, Lord,
When he awaits dread punishment,
And finds instead reward.

Sweet as the praise of Master-work
That satisfies mankind,
And crowns with honest plaudits
Such effort of the mind.

Sweet as the fame of artist
Who finds his work removes
To winning place in contest
While all the world approves.

Sweet as a strain of music
That haunts the hours of sleep;
Sweet as the long-lost faces
That we in memory keep.

So sweet is Thy dear name to me,
In nothing do I find
A worthy half-comparison
For my adoring mind.

So sweet Thy name, that nothing else
Can equal joy impart;
Naught save Thy daily coming, Lord,
Into my waiting heart.

COME LORD JESUS

COME, Lord Jesus, I am waiting
For the coming of Thy feet,
For the rapture of Thy presence,
For Thy voice, so low and sweet.

Come, my waiting heart is longing
To find peace and strength in Thee,
To find loving care and comfort
In Thy tender sympathy.

O, to lay my head so weary
In Communion on Thy breast
Will make heaven out of sorrow,
Come, Thou art my only Rest.

THE CRUCIFIX

O LORD, my heart goes out to Thee
In true and tender sympathy.
On the wood the Lord was lain,
On the rood His body slain.
To me, a sinner, dear Lord, deign
To make the mystery full plain,
How sin did open each torn hand,
Imperfectly I understand.
Those hands that only good deeds planned,
And healed the weak throughout the land;
Those feet that trod with every beat
The wayside or the city street.
One nail here pierces both thy feet,
And makes Thee victim quite complete.
The lance here opens wide Thy heart,
And gives to death another smart.
Thy heart that ever did express
For humankind but tenderness.
Crucial the pain of Thy crowned head,

Thy thorn-pricked brow, all bathed in red.
That brow which all our ignorance read,
And our forgiveness, dying, plead,
O Crucifix, wide open book
Wherein the oftener I look
The more I read, the more am struck
That Christ our healing undertook.

HOW SWEET IT IS TO KNEEL

HOW sweet it is to kneel,
When weary of the day,
Before the Blessed Sacrament,
And tell our griefs away.

To speak our thankful words
Where none may come between,
To speak unto our very God—
There present, though unseen.

O Sacrament of love!
Our hidden God—our King!
With all Thy saints and angels we
Thy gentle goodness sing.

With ages that are gone,
With ages yet to be,
We praise Thee, and we glorify
This sweetest mystery.

TARRY, LORD, THE SHADOWS FALL

PRAY, tarry, Lord, the shadows fall,
The day is now far spent;
Yea, tarry, Lord, beneath my roof,
And make me well content.

For I have much to say to Thee,
When Thou art mine own guest,
And Thou wilt find more ease of speech
When by no crowd oppressed.

I know that Thou hast frequent called
And I not come to Thee;
Revenge is Thine—Thy mercy show,
And rest awhile with me.

HYMN TO THE SACRED HEART

HEART of Jesus truly beating
But a little way from mine,
Hidden, veiled, through love concealing
Both the human and divine.
Beat for me one sacred moment,
Now the charms of day depart,
And the evening benediction
Draws me to Thee, Sacred Heart.

Beat for me and teach my weakness,
All through life to lean on Thee,
Or in solace or in sorrow
Still to trust Thee utterly.
Day by day Thyself revealing,
In Thy goodness light impart;
Let me know Thee, let me know Thee,
Let me love Thee, Sacred Heart.

TO MARY, QUEEN OF MAY

THE light is on the hills, Mary,
The sun drinks in the dew,
The fingers of night have woven
A gossamer veil for you.
For you are the Queen of the May, Mary,
Forever the Queen of the May.

The gardens wake the sleeping flowers,
'Tis at the peep o' day,
The song birds carol to the sky
The opening of the May.
And you are the Queen of the May, Mary,
Forever the Queen of the May.

The lark goes up to the gates of heaven,
Distracting the angels above,
Ah! little he knows that my heart sped first
With its May-day song of love.
For you are the Queen of the May, Mary,
Forever the Queen of the May.

The hedges sway with song, Mary
The thrush is abroad and the linnet,
The world was never so fair, Mary,
As it looks this blessed minute,
For you are the Queen of the May, Mary,
Forever the Queen of the May.

The meadows are soft as the sky, Mary,
And they yearn for the touch of your feet,
Come down at our pleading, Mother of God,
With the Babe in your arms so sweet.
For you are the Queen of the May, Mary,
Forever the Queen of the May.

Mother of God, Mother of God,
With longing my poor heart faints.
Sure, Heaven is not far away, Mary,
From the blessed Isle of Saints.
And you are the Queen of the May, Mary,
Forever the Queen of the May.

The land that has you on its lips,
And wears you in its heart,
Would welcome you with holy love,
From sea to farthestmost part,
And hail you the Queen of the May, Mary,
Forever the Queen of the May.

Come to the land of ardent faith,
Where Patrick taught and died,
And little children heard of God
From the lips of the dear Saint Bride,
And be our sweet Queen of the May, Mary,
Forever the Queen of the May.

Come in your beauty from the sky,
While day is just begun,
And a thousand holy altars sing
The glory of thy Son.
For you are the Queen of the May, Mary,
Forever the Queen of the May.

MARY IMMACULATE

O MARY so divinely fair,
That angels gaze upon thy face,
Yet so benign my spirit dare
Uplift to thee its plaint for grace.
This day of yore glad tidings brought,
When all the land lay desolate,
But far more sweet, my Queen, the thought,
Thou art our Hope, Immaculate.
But far more sweet, my Queen, the thought,
But far more sweet, my Queen, the thought,
Thou art Immaculate.

Be with me on this feast of snow
Which seals my three-fold vow to Heaven,
Present me to thy Son Divine,
To whom my heart and soul are given.
Sweet Mother, while my vows I frame,
And all my life-work dedicate,
My heart repeats, my Queen, thy name,
My heart repeats, my Queen, thy name,
Thy name, Immaculate.

A SONG OF PRAISE

I'LL lift my voice to praise thee,
While joy illumines my way,
For life, too, has its seasons,
It is not always May.
I'll sing thine own bright school-time,
In childhood's quiet days;
Thy life within the Temple,
My loyal heart shall praise.

CHORUS

O sweet Mary ever blessed,
Heavenward all my life
Lead me, guide me ever
Through this world of strife.

I'll lift my voice to praise thee
In Nazareth's happy home,
Where time was filled with duty,
Thy rest—the sacred tome.

I'll sing thy sweet contentment,
Thy pure heart satisfied,
When night brought rest from labor,
And Jesus to thy side.

I'll lift my voice to praise thee,
Fair Mother of my God,
The one alone creation
That kept the steps He trod;
While life is most attractive,
I give thee my young soul,
I pray thee in thy keeping,
Protect, advise, control.

PRAYER

MARY, I raise my heart to thee,
At close of day;
Keep me until the morning light,
I humbly pray.

Thou who art perfect in God's sight,
Teach me alway,
What I in every time should do,
What I should say.

That all my life be fair and bright,
I dare not pray;

I only do implore of thee,
Near me to stay.

Mother, in bliss, in far off Heaven,
Hear me I pray;

Bless me with faith and hope and love,
Commencement Day.

Mother, when Jesus came to thee
At close of day,

Thou clasped His hands within thine own
In some such way,

Taught Him the words of holy prayer
The Jews did pray.
Teach me for thine own Jesus' sake,
Teach me to-day.

In all the many ills of life,
Be thou my stay.
Be thou my light in darkness here,
My guiding ray,
Cheering the long and weary road
I tread each day,
When breaks the new-born morrow light
Over my way,
Come, say in sweet, sweet mother tones,
Come home to stay.

TO MARY

FULL of grace!
Thy holy face
So far has led through good and ill.
In my sleep and in my waking,
Watch thou o'er me, nor forsaking,
Queen of the Saints, be with me still.
Morn and night
From light to light,
Queen of the Saints, be with me still.

Queen above!
Thy Mother-love
Binds my ready heart to thine.
To the King thou art the dearest,
To His sceptre thou are nearest,
Mary, make thy Jesus mine.
Love's sweet fire,
The Saint's desire,
Give, and make thy Jesus mine.

Because of the Tree!
Remember me
In the rose-red Paradise.
On thy Mother-breast, in sorrow
Fold me till the strong tomorrow,
'Neath the love-light of thine eyes.
Then let me fight
For God and right,
Win my crown in Paradise.

Heart and eyes,
Pierce the skies
With an exile's fond regret.
O when time for me is waning,
Tide and tempest none restraining,
Grant my bark be homeward set.
Thou my light,
Through wave and night,
When my bark is homeward set.

ON THE ANNUNCIATION

IN the Empyrean hangs the plastic world,
The fiat light illumines it all around,
The land upswells, the mountains shoot aloft,
The valleys sink, the ocean learns its bound.

The springs begin to sing, the lakes to round,
The waterways cleave passage through the
sand,
The earth is hot, and every wind is still,
Expectant nature waits a new command.

The golden sun bursts through the yielding sky,
Its glory wraps half land, half ocean,
The voice of God rings through the void,
And sets the cosmic world in motion.

Each with its axis of proper incline,
Stately they wheel in their orbits directed
In intricate plan of elliptic design,
By the hand of their Master perfected.

The sun and the moon and the planets on high,
The height of the sky and the depth of the
sod,
The birds of the air, and the beasts of the field,
Alike in their place tell the glory of God.

Let us make man to our image and likeness.
God moulded man's frame from the clay of
the earth,
Breathed in his nostrils a spirit immortal
Which made him a creature of infinite worth.

* * * * *

Alas! in dire temptation's hour
Man fell beneath infernal power.
Fallen—fallen—fallen,
From his high estate,
Shut from God and Eden,
Shut from God and heaven,
Man must mourn and wait.

The punishments for trespass done,
Relentless through the ages run,
Till love—love—love
Love of celestial birth
Lifts the eternal gates,
Lifts to a world that waits,
Brings Christ, our Redeemer, to earth.

Gabriel, archangel messenger of Heaven,
Who stands in place among the princely
seven,
Instant commissioned with divine command,
With due observance leaves the radiant band,
The everlasting gates uplift on high,
To serve this special errand of the sky.
Like sunburst in the showery days of spring,
His snowy garments round him softly cling.
His spreading wings shake constant diamond
rays,
The poising moment that his flight delays.
His face is noble, beautiful as strong,
Majesty, benignity, power to him belong.
Thoughtful of eye, as still as mountain lake,
Whether the sunshine spreads, or tempests
quake,
He steps into the ether, lifts strong wings apace,
Cleaves through the field of illimitable space.
He views in time our spinning universe;
The music of the spheres in grand rehearse
Catches His ear, but neither rest nor stay
Can least allure the angel from his way.
He comes to Saturn's bright, concentric rings
Which far in space a furious firelight flings.
Next Jupiter, with five bright moons revolving
Guides him aright, His lonely way resolving.

Now Mars asserts itself with warlike glare,
And nearby Earth is waiting, waiting there,
With balanced wings slight dipped to mount the
higher,

He now descends with leisurely desire.
A flash! he stands upon the springtime hills,
Beauteous with spreading flowers and singing
rills.

The winds are all asleep. No stirring breath
Waves through the wheatfield or the growing
rye,

Or breaks the drowse of cattle lying by,
'Tis afternoon in quiet Nazareth.

The Virgin Mary kneels enwrapped in thought,
Dwelling on wonders that the Lord hath
wrought,

Stretching the roll where prophecies lie hid,
She comes upon Isaiah, as the parchment
slid.

The time was ripe that Jesse's rod should
flower,

And Israel expectant prayed the hour.
Israel oppressed from bondage should be freed,
When God remembered Abram and his seed.
Deep shadows dwelt with her lovely eyes
Recalling Israel's bitter destinies.

A soft flush nestled in her fair young cheek,
Her folded hands her prayer for Israel be-
speak.

Again she reads the ancient passage o'er,
Sudden, a shadow falls across the floor.

She lifts her eyes, her finger on the prayer,
An angel of the Lord is standing there.

With reverence due, and meekly bended head,
"Hail full of grace," in gentlest tone he
said.

But Mary, frightened, drew back instantly,
And lifting troubled eyes, as who should say,
Whence art thou? struggled with inborn dismay.

The startle of her eyes resolved him then:

"Gabriel am I, God's messenger to men,
Mary, fear not, thou hast found grace with
Heaven,

The favor of the Triune God to thee is given."

The Annunciator then in solemn tone
Reveals the message from the eternal throne:

"Thou shalt conceive, bring forth a Son," he
said,

"He shall be great, the Son of the Most High."

The angel stood with meekly bended head,
And in that moment centuries fled by,

But Mary, apprehensive of a vow

She made the Lord a many a year from now,
Reviews whereof the heavenly message ran,
Questions how this should be,—“I know not
man.”

“The Holy Spirit shall o’ershadow thee,”
he said,

While grave and worshipful he bent adoring
head.

And He that shall be born of thee shall be
The Son of God, of endless majesty.”

Thus learning God’s high will regarding her,
Her mind and will in lowliness concur.

Virginity intact, she gives consent,
Which Gabriel hearkens with unfeigned con-
tent.

“Behold the handmaid of the Lord,” she cries,
And yet again the holy one replies,

“Be it to me as is thy word’s intent,”
And Gabriel carries back the great consent.

O sing loud hosannas, ye heavenly choirs,
Your theme be God’s love, and the hope it
inspires.

His mercy has lifted the primeval ban,
His love has stooped down to the weakness
of man.

From abyss to abyss, let the Lord's name
resound,

For dominion is His to the uttermost bound.

O praise the Creator, ye spirits of light,

O praise all His goodness, His love, and His
might.

O sing, sing again, ye bright spirits of light,

Fill the creation with rapturous delight,

Sing anthems of glory, ye spirits on high,

Proclaim to the world its redemption is nigh.

MARIA ASSUMPTA EST

BRIGHTER than an army
Clad in war's array,
Who is she that mounteth
Up the heavenly way?
Cherubs crowd around her,
Bask beneath her smile,
Angels bear her upward
Praising her the while.
Maria assumpta est.

Who is she that cometh
Up from desert sands,
With shining eyes uplifted
And meekly folded hands?
She is the valiant woman
Who stood beneath the tree,
She is the Virgin Mother
To all eternity.
Maria assumpta est.

Who is she ascending
To the gates of bliss?
Glittering ranks of spirits
Vie her feet to kiss.
Lift, ye gates eternal,
That she may enter in,
The fairest of creation,
Rejoice ye heavens within.
Maria assumpta est.

Upward, onward lead her,
Ye Archangels seven,
The Triune God rejoices
To crown the Queen of heaven.
The Father greets His daughter,
The Mother claims her Son,
The Holy Ghost receives His bride,
And Heaven at last is won.
Maria assumpta est.

COR IMMACULATUM

O MARY bright and rising star!
Immaculate shine on our way,
Come in thy beauty, Queen of light,
And guide the dismal night to day.
Cor Immaculatum, ora pro nobis;
Cor Mariae, ora pro nobis;
Cor dulce, ora pro nobis.

O heart, we love thee, sign of peace,
The exile's hope for that long while
The Father's anger o'ershadowed earth
Unlighted by the Infant's smile.
Cor Immaculatum, ora pro nobis;
Cor Mariae, ora pro nobis;
Cor dulce, ora pro nobis.

MARY, TO THEE

Mary, thou fairest, beautiful one!

Gladly we hail thee, night has begun,
Be as a beacon guiding us home,
Shining through darkness over the foam.
Exiles of Heaven, children of thine.
Homeward we gaze at daylight's decline.

CHORUS

Hail to thee, love thou me;
Angels bear my hymn to thee;
Mother dear, hear my cry,
Send sweet answer from on high.

Rest of the pilgrim waiting for thee;
Looks my lone spirit over life's sea;
When wilt thine answer float o'er the wave?
I wait, my children, this side the grave.
This be thy greeting over life's sea,
This be thy greeting, Mary to me.

See the bright dew-drops fall on the flower,
Freeing from dust the morning's fair bower.
So may God's graces fall on my soul,
Freeing from sin and sorrow's control.
This is my pleading, Mary to thee,
This be thy favor, Mother, to me.

ON THE VISITATION

THE early morning broke
In amethystine dye,
Announced the glorious sun,
The ruler of the sky.
Soon hill and plain and stream,
In jeweled splendor lay,
And on each lengthening road
Fantastic shadows play.

A caravan on move,
The plain with clamor fills,
With wild discordant shouts
Goes winding over the hills.

Soon music shakes the cliffs
And echoes o'er the plain
A cry of trustful hope,
A psalm of plaintive strain.

God of our fathers of wisdom and might,
Thy love be our strength and thy law our
delight;

Keep us we pray ever close in Thy sight
Through the cares of the day and the danger
of night.

Closing the caravan came a little group,
Neighbors of Mary, Virgin ever blessed,
Who guarded her or served her at her need,
Walked or rode near her by her own request.
In some such way did all the people go
Down from the hills to the great Jerusalem.
For this gave comfort and security
'Gainst any ambushed foe that threatened them.
The solitary traveler on the road,
Oft met the fate of him of Jericho,
Nor found a good Samaritan at hand,
To bind his wound or tender mercy show.
The village khans were ever overcharged
With man and beast and barter of exchange,
Well fortune'd he who knew a wayside friend,
Who, for a trifle, would a bed arrange.
'Twas thus this people wending from the north
Fared well or ill among the mountain trails.
And came betimes upon Damascus gate
With loud vociferation and the crowding bales.
But Blessed Mary and her group of friends,
Passed by the gates and rode the Hebron way,
Purchased at Jaffa market for themselves

And for their donkeys what would serve a day.
Once more upon the road with fields on either
side

They watch the gleaners work—a merry band—
The golden grain toss idly in the wind,
While plenteous summer smiles upon the land.
At times the road swept down some wild descent
And on through gloomy cavernous defiles,
Then ups and downs, the grassy mead relieves.
By tedious riding in long after while
Through days of toil, they come to Hebron's
height,

Where Zachary had built a sweet home nest;
There beauty reigned, and there within was
peace,

And every wanderer found both food and rest.
Elizabeth, the matron of the house,
And faithful wife for many a changing year,
With open arms came down the olden stair
Her face suffused with smiles and joyful tear.
But when the friends had gone their separate
ways

And left the cousins standing there alone
The elder woman lowly bent her knee
And cried aloud in clear, prophetic tone:
“Oh, whence is this?”—revealing mystery—
The Mother of my God should come to me?

But Mary raising her gave soft reply:
“My spirit, Cousin, doth rejoice in God with
thee.”

And Mary standing 'neath the open sky
Poured forth her soul in that ecstatic praise
Which, ringing through the ages, blesses her,
And magnifies the Lord in countless way.

While Mary's song yet lingered on the air
Zachary appeared with signs of welcome show,
Leads to his dwelling, through the wicket wide
Into the inner house the happy trio go.

With zest the servants spread the festive
board,

And come and go and set the goodliest fare;
The happy three enjoyed the passing hour
And closed the hospitality by prayer.

But Zachary must needs attend his herd

And find new pasture for his fleecy store.

The while his mind turned over many things

While dumbness made him wonder more and
more.

Three happy months of days did Mary spend

In holy converse with Elizabeth;

And then she made her journey to the north,

While yet the hills were warm with summer's
breath.

Hail to the service of sweet loving kindness,
Hail to the heart that is tender and true,
Hail to the sweet visitation of Mary,
Hail! Blessed Virgin, hail, all hail to you!

Hail, blessed one, whom the angels watched
over,

As onward you journey 'neath sky softly blue,
He that is mighty has wrought in your favor,
Hail! Blessed Virgin, hail, all hail to you!

THE IMMACULATE CONCEPTION

SING, O world, the Virgin Mary,
Sing her bright, celestial beauty,
Sing her goodly preservation
From the dark and dread alliance.
In the instant of creation
Came her soul to state of justice,
Breathed her spirit glad with blessing,
By the favor of the Mighty.

Fair as moonlight on the snowdrift
Is the honor of our people,
Is the Blessed Virgin Mary,
The Immaculate Conception.

Enmities, yea, full and countless
God foretold at Eve's confession,
Should exist between the serpent
And the woman of the promise.
Mary came, the pure, the sinless,
Who had never part with Satan,
Conquered through her Son, the Saviour,
Crushed the spirit of all evil.

Joy to Angel hosts of Heaven,
Led by Michael, Prince of Battle,
Is the Blessed Virgin Mary,
The Immaculate Conception.

Woman blessed above all women
Is the sun-clothed Virgin Mother,
Living temple, framed of Heaven
For the dwelling of the Holy.
Of her flesh, the flesh of Jesus,
From her veins His veins ran purple,
This revolving, faith discerneth
Wherefore she was made the sinless.

Sweet as roses at their waking,
Breathing love unto their Maker,
Is the Blessed Virgin Mary,
The Immaculate Conception.

Fifty years have glided onward,
Since Christ's Vicar, Pio Nono,
Holy prelates him surrounding,
To the world defined the dogma,
The Immaculate Conception.
When the Pontiff crowned an image,
Crowned it with pure gold and jewels,
As to honor God's great Mother,
All the people cried to Heaven,
Cried aloud in exultation

To the Blessed Virgin Mary,
The Immaculate Conception.

In America, the golden,
In the greatest of the nations,
Holy Church throughout the homeland
Honors Mary as her patron.
And the sweetest invocation,
“Without sin,” goes on unceasing
As the light that falls from heaven,
As the shade that wraps our slumber.

Dear as freedom to our people,
Is devotion to God’s Mother,
To the Blessed Virgin Mary,
The Immaculate Conception.

Fifty years of bleak Decembers,
One a footstep to the other,
Ends in Jubilee and gladness
To the millions of the faithful.
But within the holy cloister
Who shall speak the Nun’s emotion?
All her thoughts find rest in heaven,
All her joys are with the blessed.

Ah! she knows as can no other,
All the loveliness of virtue
In the Blessed Virgin Mary,
The Immaculate Conception.

God most high, and Son of Mary,
By His cross and woeful passion,
Felled the demon, crushed his purpose,
Thus accomplished our redemption.
From the tree which death encompassed
Sought He legacy to leave us,
And He gave His dearest treasure,
His own Mother, to our keeping.

Dear as life unto her children
Is the death-trust of our Saviour,
Is the Blessed Virgin Mary,
The Immaculate Conception.

Blessed art thou, Maid and Mother!
Chosen daughter of the Father,
Radiant Mother of the Saviour,
Bride unto the Holy Spirit!
Where her throne is set in glory,
Near the seat of the Eternal,
Glows the flush of risen planets,
Falls the splendor of the starlight.

Queen of Saints and Queen of
Angels,
To the King her voice uplifting,
Stands the Blessed Virgin Mary,
The Immaculate Conception.

Holy Church in psalms of beauty,
Praises Mary ever Virgin,
Sings the great and glorious Mother
Of high God, the Word Incarnate,
Sings one marvelous exemption
From the lot of fallen nature,
Sings the highest theme of graces,
The Immaculate Conception.

Holiest of all God's creatures,
Sings the Church through all the
ages,
Is the Blessed Virgin Mary,
The Immaculate Conception.

Fifty years ago, my Mother,
First our Sisters wore thy color,
Vowed them at the holy altar,
Near to follow, the Lord Jesus.
Come our Queen, from joys supernal,
Crown our fifty years of labor,
Bring us Triune benediction,
For this Jubilee, the Golden.

Mother-like for sake of Jesus,
To this world of ours bring favor,
O most Blessed Virgin Mary,
The Immaculate Conception.

WHILE SHADOWS FALL AROUND US

WHILE shadows fall around us
We look to thee on high,
For thy protection, Mary,
Dost hear our humble cry?
Dost know that hearts are breaking,
Throughout the weary world?
Dost see the evil banner
Of sin, of crime unfurled?

Dost see thy Son offended
By those He loves the most?
Dost see thy Son insulted
E'en in the Sacred Host?
Look thou upon our altars,
See, His eyes are full of tears,
Ah! thy Child is lonely Mother,
Lonely watching all these years.

Waiting for the souls He calleth,
Waiting for the love He seeks,

Love Him for us, Virgin Mary,
List! sweet Mother, does He speak?
No, the white veiled Host is silent,
No reproach, rebuke, nor call,
Mary, plead for us poor sinners,
Pray, sweet Mother, pray for all.

DEAREST LADY OF GOOD COUNSEL

DEAREST Lady of Good Counsel,
Bend thy list'ning ear to me;
When I'm doubting, sad, uncertain,
And I bring my plaint to thee.

CHORUS

Lady of Good Counsel, hear!
Give, oh give me guidance blest;
Lady of Good Counsel, hear!
Tell me what is best.

When perplex'd I kneel before thee,
Longing, praying for the light,
Whisper to my heart assurance,
Tell me, Mother, what is right.

When I'm tired and weary-hearted,
And I know not what to do,
Tell me, Mother, kindly tell me,
How to keep the truth in view.

PRINCE DEMETRIUS GALLITZIN

Pioneer Priest of Loretta, Pa.

A YOUNG prince sat and pondered while
he read

And read again, the record of his name,
Till hot ambition flushed the boyish cheek,
And taught his heart to hunger after fame.

And proud to bear his father's name,
He snapped the book with this acclaim:

“Gallitzin is the lordliest
Of all the names of state;
“Gallitzin is the stateliest
Of all the good and great.”

In Dresden once, in her art gallery,
He chanced upon a canvas nobly done,
None other than the work of Raphael,
The Virgin Mother and her little Son.
He stood enwrapt. Vanished in that hour
His dreams of glory and of power.

Gallitzin is the lordliest
Of all the names of state;
Gallitzin is the stateliest
Of all the good and great.

Whate'er the inspiration of that hour,
He dived in volumes of religious lore,
He sought and came to knowledge of the truth,
He knocked and found as Christ had said of
yore.

One purpose then resolved his mind,
To serve his God in humankind.

Gallitzin is the lordliest
Of all the names of state,
Gallitzin is the stateliest
Of all the good and great.

His faith precluded all inheritance,
The priesthood urged him after hopes and
fears;
As priest, he sought the field of far-off lands,
And God worked with him unto length of
years.

His quest had brought hard-earned reward
To this disciple of the Lord.

Gallitzin is the lordliest
Of all the names of state,
Gallitzin is the stateliest
Of all the good and great.

Out in the wild, unbroken West he toiled,
And built up farms, and round him gathered
men

Vigorous of frame, who knew to till the soil
And make good homes within the land of
Penn.

In widening clearings far around,
Fell the swift axe with telling sound.

Gallitzin is the lordliest
Of all the names of state,
Gallitzin is the stateliest
Of all the good and great.

Oft in the morn, when holy Mass was read,
The young priest sauntered down the village
way,

Where men were laying pave or pipes per-
chance,

Or turning glebe that knew his keen survey.
At sight of him the children ran
To catch his hand or his soutane.

Gallitzin is the lordliest
Of all the names of state,
Gallitzin is the stateliest
Of all the good and great.

Full many a year the good priest lived to see
That care and anguish edge upon success;
But ever in the chapel did he rule
With equal mind and words of gentleness.
Always a pastor of so wise restraint
The people loved him, learned to call him
saint.

Gallitzin is the lordliest
Of all the names of state,
Gallitzin is the stateliest
Of all the good and great.

LINES ON THE FIFTIETH
ANNIVERSARY
of
THE FIRST FOUNDATION OF THE
SISTERS OF THE IMMACULATE
HEART OF MARY
in
PENNSYLVANIA

WHERE Michigan curves westward to the
lake
And all the land is freshened by the breeze,
There stands a building with uplifted towers,
And from its dizzy nest, the college bell
Invites the country to its learned halls.
A school for women, where the peace of God
Breathes in the loveliness of the coming day
And watches o'er the rest of quiet night
Where wisdom dwells and loyalty to faith,
And knowledge comes, increasing with the
years.

Yet, there are some who dwell within the gates,
Who can remember when the land was bare
Of beauty and of buildings, save one house
Now large enough to shelter twenty nuns.

There from this convent home beside the lake,
Six noble women took their journey forth,
To found a mission in the land of Penn,
To gather close the children of the fold,
And teach them what is true and will endure;
To waken thought and holiest desire
To learn the meaning of the Word of God;
And why men live, and wherefore all things die,
And where is truth and where is wisdom found,
And close obedience to the one true Church.

“Come in the guidance of the Saints of God,
And may the Holy Spirit bless your work.”
This message winged from Pennsylvania came,
And filled the Lakeside convent with great joy.
Come to Saint Joseph’s, village of the North,
Where one of strength and hardihood of soul
Had reared a college in the olden days
To teach and test the brain and brawn of men.
And not far distant on a neighboring hill
He built a school for culture of young girls.

A priest he was to all the country known,
Loved and revered for holiness of life,
A man who knew the weight and worth of things
And set just value on the human soul.
A man who read the wavering heart of man,
And knew the touchstone moment of the will
To its own helpfulness and great content.
A man through self-repression close to God.
Time passed. The convent school upon the hill
Thrived and sent forth its students to the world.
Seed-time and harvest came, and still again
With each returning made the perfect year.

With passing years that little band of nuns
Have gathered in some hundreds such as they,
Who, bound by triple vow to holiness,
Walk in the footsteps of the Son of Man.
And now their schools are spread throughout
the state,
Protecting and uplifting all that come
With purpose that the kingdom of God's love
Reign widely to the betterment of men.

So ring, ye bells! that fifty years have sped,
And all goes well within the cloister walls,
For ready hands and willing feet are there
And woman's kindly help and sympathy.

And there in very truth is justified :

“A heart at rest invigorates the mind.”

Ring merrily, ye bells, from convent towers,
Where Mary's name is honored and revered,
And every hour directs the thought to God.
Ring on! for half a century of weal
In loud and long thanksgiving unto Heaven!

THE SHRINE OF SAINT ANN

ROW brothers, row, the stream is strong,
Our boat as a nutshell is carried along,
Near are the rapids, near is the night,
Alone God can save in the perilous
plight.

Off to the right are the lights of Saint Ann,
Let us pray to the Saint—humbly pray, every
man,

Let us vow her a chapel on Saint Lawrence
shore,

If from the wild waters she saves us once
more.

CHORUS

Toward the lights of Saint Ann

Bend the oar, every man;

Saint Ann, guide aright

Through the perilous night.

On the shore of Saint Lawrence they builded a
shrine

Just as great in its beauty as man might design;

There the God of all power approving the plan
Continues to work through the glorious Saint
Ann.

On her feast day full thousands appear at her
shrine,

The sick and afflicted from every clime,
While the hymn and the prayer the basilica
fills,

By miracle many are cured of their ills.

HYMN TO SAINT MICHAEL

GREAT prince of high imperial hosts
That stand before the throne,
Most perfect spirit of the choirs

This day we name thine own.
In glory thou dost far surpass
All spirits to us known,
The counsels of the Lord, our God,
Thou hearest at the throne.

Saint Michael's day, Saint Michael's day,
Bring all good things we pray,
The power of God be with us
Upon Saint Michael's day.

"Who is like God!"—thy battle-cry
Be ours when foes assail,
"Who is like God!" when victory comes,
When truth and right prevail.
Be with us in the needy hour
Protect us by thy might,
Through darkness and the tempted hour,
Lead on, lead on, to light.

'Tis thine to open and uplift
The eternal gates on high,
'Tis thine to battle for the soul
When we imploring cry.
'Tis thine to guide the parting soul
Across the silent foam,
And lead it to the smile of God,
To Fatherland and home.

SAINT MARY MAGDALEN

FALLING at the feet of Jesus,
Bathing them with bitter tears,
Mary Magdalen kneels contrite,
Broken-hearted for past years.

In her hand she bears sweet ointment,
Which she pours on Jesus' head.
"It might be sold to better purpose,"
In his greed, the traitor said.

But the penitent bends humbly,
Still for mercy doth implore,
Till the voice of Jesus answers—
"Go in peace, and sin no more."

"Wheresoe'er this Gospel reaches,
What thy faith hath wrought for Me
Shall be told in every language
To thy praise eternally."

Ever God rewards the giver,
Be the service great or small,
Divine mercy has no measure,
Showers blessings over all.

Magdalen, beloved of Jesus,
Crowned among the saints above,
Pray for us that faith most fervent
Win for us our Saviour's love.

HAIL, OUR BISHOP'S JUBILEE

Rt. Rev. M. J. Hoban—Mar. 22, 1921.

O HAPPY, happy, happy day,
So meet for praise and song,
Live on, on, on to memory
As long as life is long.

CHORUS

Hail, to the Silver Jubilee,
Hail, to the noble and true,
Hail, to the best in the heart of man,
Hail, Bishop, hail to you!

All honor to the passing years
And honor to that feast
Which gave you, Bishop, to the world
A new-anointed priest.

How sweet was life, how near was Heaven
On Ordination Day,
Nor can the cares of many years
Quite steal those joys away.

In Peter's City by the sea,
When summer filled the sky,
You first upheld, with trembling heart
The mystic cup on high.

The glow of fame, the thrill of power
One joy can still surpass,
The peace which fills the young priest's soul
The morn of his First Mass.

While honor crowns your days of toil,
Between these days and then,
We pray God keep you to long years,
A leader among men.

I BRING THEE A FLOWER

I BRING thee a beautiful rose,
I found mid the blooms at dawn;
I said to the wind that blows,
 "I'll give it Our Lady this morn,"
 For she is the Mystical Rose,
 The beautiful shrine
 Of the Spirit Divine.

I bring thee a violet so sweet,
 Its fragrance will die too soon;
I said to the grass at my feet,
 "I'll give it Our Lady at noon,"
 For she is the violet most sweet,
 The beautiful shrine
 Of the Spirit Divine.

I bring thee a lily so fair
I found in a field of white;
I said to the loveliest there,
 "Bloom on for Our Lady to-night."
 For she is the lily all fair,
 The beautiful shrine
 Of the Spirit Divine.

THE SKYLARK

BIRD of the clouds and the deep blue ex-
panse,

Up, up, up is thy flight in the rays of the sun,
Bathing thy wings in a flood iridescent,

Thy devoirs are made ere the day is begun.

Direct is thy path to the portals of heaven,
To thee, not to me can such vision belong,
For this wert thou dowered, so richly empow-
ered

To praise the Creator with rapturous song.

Tiny black speck in the regions supernal,
Art thou motionless now, or in tremulous
flight?

Safe be thy speeding, no storm-cloud impeding
Thy resolute soar to bewildering height.

Sing, happy bird, of divine contemplation,
Thy rapturous strain, the quintessence of
bliss,
Ethereal measures composed in the starland,
Harmonies never invented in this.

Winging toward earth, I can hear more distinctly
Thy drip, drip of silver in showers descend,
Drenching my soul with complete inundation,
I could wish, pretty warbler, you never might
end.

Safe be thy journeys across the blue sky fields,
The elements kind and propitious as now;
Oh, that my spirit gave back to its Maker
A service as perfect, as steadfast as thou.

Again thou outpourest delirious gladness,
Stay thy dashing and splashing of song lest
thou die.

Thou art a spendthrift, profuse unto madness,
Delectable sprite of the musical sky.

A BUTTERFLY

IRIDESCENT thing of beauty,
Flitting, dipping, sip, sip, sip,
Come, and rest thee from thy flitting
Come and settle from thy dipping,
Alight upon my finger tip.

Only God could paint the colors
Spread upon thy gorgeous wings,
Rainbow tints so soft and mellow,
With some spots of radiant yellow
And thy jet black body rings.

Late I watched thee break from prison,
From thy chrysalis, as we say,
Watched thy bright, evolving beauty,
Take a holiday from duty,
Brush thy wings and fly away.

Listen to me, butterfly,
 Why so ugly, why so fair?
Tell me all the history
 Of this secret mystery,
Bit of bliss in shining air.

To my soul, my frame is prison,
 I shall break my prison bars,
When in time of chrysalis' waking
 All my senses from me breaking
I go upward through the stars.

A RIDE TO DESMET

ON with the ride in the old-fashioned sleigh,
An Indian driver is sure of his way;
The morning is fine and the sun shines on high,
Frosty and clear is the beautiful sky.

New fallen snow on the Indian trail,
Far as the eye can encompass the vale;
Bending the trees o'er some yawning abyss,
Who would not worship a snow scene like
this?

Back in the foothills we hear a sharp cry.
'Tis a jackal alarmed, now the pack make
reply.

Ugh! Ugh! says the driver, and onward we go
Over the wonderful, beautiful snow.

The Bitter-Root mountains now stand on our
right,
Weird, solemn, and stalk on their glittering
height;

Snake-winding barriers that shut the world out,
And make a snow wilderness all round about.

Silence profound, of such infinite weight,
It dampens our spirits so shortly elate
Now falls on the snow waste, as full and complete
As the numbing effect of tremendous defeat.

Stars shine at last through the gathering gloom,
We meet an outrider, and give scanty room;
The roadway is narrow—we breathe with a spasm—
What if the sleigh should roll down to the chasm?

Our driver is stony, with no sign of fear,
And quiets our nerves with laughter, or near.
Ugh! Ugh! we supply what he wishes to say,
But sleighing is pleasant the rest of the way.

On we go merrily over the snow,
Lights in the distance beginning to glow;
What though the robes with ice-fringes were wet,
We soon found good cheer in the mission DeSmet.

FRIENDS TOGETHER

WE met upon the college green,
One bright October day—
“My name is White—and what is yours?”

Was all we found to say.
But now, O now, 'tis different,
We both are glib and clever,
The stress and strain of college life
Has bound us close together.

We have been friends together here
For four successful years;
Have shared each other's ups and downs.
And soothed each other's fears.

We have been chums together here—
Well, from the very start,
And somehow you have found, Bob White,
A corner in my heart.

No shame to us the voice betrays
Suppressed emotion's pain,
For men may turn the corner street
And never meet again.
Though you go east and I go west,
As far as fate can sever,
Whate'er divides, whate'er betides,
Let us be friends together.

You'll not forget the ragged hedge
That hid us both from view,
When inner craving tempted us
To steal a smoke or two;
Nor yet the window in the back,
The ropes that dropped us down,
And swung there so confidently
When we stole back from town.

You'll not forget the orchard, Bob,
The vineyard and the rest;
That proved with delectation, Bob,
Forbidden fruit is best.
You'll not forget our college dons,
Lords of the rusty gown,
You'll not forget the athlete squads
That won the place renown.

Be sure of this, the fine, old place
We proudly leave to-day,
Will never seem the same again,
Will change in some queer way.
But you have me, and I have you,
Your hand upon it, friend,
We will be friends together,
Until life's journey end.

THE RED WING

DOWN there in the glistening marshes,
The marshes that border the sea,
The red wings are homing and nesting,
And calling the whole world to see.

The cat-tails are swinging and nodding,
See there—where red brambles are stirred,
A full-throated wood thrush is trilling
The song of a jubilant bird.

Deep in the rushes I warrant
The red wing is building its nest,
With bits of the yestereve grasses,
The way that God taught it was best.

A second bird out in the marsh grass,
The mate of the red wing no doubt,
Is zealously plying her labor,
And busily flitting about.

In no time the nest will be ready,
 Dame Spring will look in with delight,
And three little birdlings will twitter,
 And follow the goddess in flight.

Cheer up! comes again from the cat-tails
 I take up the challenge to sing,
And out in the wild, shining marshes,
 I sing to the Giver of spring.

MARION

HOLDING her fair head on high,
Smiling at each passerby,
Goes Marion.

All the world is glad to meet her,
Every friend delights to greet her,
And return her smile and bow,
Just as I am doing now.
Laughter-loving Marion.

Why caress a foolish trouble?
"It will burst as any bubble"
Says Marion.

Do not magnify a sorrow,
You'll forget to-morrow's morrow,
Love and laughter—these together
Stand the strain of any weather,
Laughter-loving Marion.

Laughter fills the house with glee
Like the strings of minstrelsy,
Sings Marion.

Makes the blue sky seem the bluer,
All the pains and aches the fewer,
Love and laughter in full measure
Fills the home with endless pleasure,
 Laughter-loving Marion.

TWO YELLOW ROSES

TWO yellow roses
We are assured
Clung to the feet of
Our Lady of Lourdes.

Roses of Mary,
Ah! could you do less
Than cherish those feet
With gentle caress?

Lit with the sunrise,
Flooding the earth,
Lift up your shining heads,
Nameless your worth.

Mary has chosen
To favor gold-red,
The last word on beauty
Forever is said.

BRIDAL ROSES

HE stands before God's altar,
And takes the marriage vow,
To truly love and cherish
The bride beside him now.
Bridal roses scent the air,
He is brave, and she is fair.

She proudly stands beside him
And takes the selfsame vow,
For better or for worse they pledge,
But death can part them now.
Bridal roses scent the air,
He is brave, and she is fair.

To-day they stand together,
The love light in their eyes,
And a little shining circle
Bounds their blissful paradise.
Bridal roses scent the air,
He is brave, and she is fair.

May coming years obtain them
The joys of man and wife,
And God in heaven befriend them,
And bless their wedded life.
Bridal roses scent the air,
He is brave, and she is fair.

May children's children bless them,
And crowd the homestead door;
Good fortune be their guiding star,
And God increase their store.
Bridal roses scent the air,
He is brave, and she is fair.

PINK ROSES

PINK roses on the chancel rail,
Pink roses in the choir,
Pink roses 'mid the taper lights
And on the bride's attire.
Happy, happy, happy pair,
Scatter roses everywhere.

Mass is ended with its prayer,
Open wide the grand church door,
With good wishes and bride kisses
Outward let the people pour.
Happy, happy, happy pair,
Scatter roses everywhere.

Pink roses in the banquet hall,
Pink roses in display,
To crown the bowl with flow of soul
Upon the wedding day.
Happy, happy, happy pair,
Scatter roses everywhere.

Pink roses in a darkened room,
And on her snowy brow,
The bride of summer beauty
Lies cold as marble now.
Roses are a tribute prayer,
Scatter roses everywhere.

Around the solemn couch of death
The people come and go;
And one is crushed with anguish
And one is bowed with woe.
Toll, toll, O bell in St. Mary's tower,
'Tis de profundis hour.

DUSKY RED ROSES

DUSKY, red roses, so fresh and so fragrant,
Flowers of affection, what joys you impart!

Symbol of love and of fond recollection,
Revealing, concealing the depths of the heart.

Teller of tales and of lovers' romances,
Such is your fame since the old world began;
Your language a code is of laughter and glances
Signals that flash 'tween the maiden and man.

Proudly you nestle in woman's dark tresses,
Nod as she moves through the light and the glare;

Waking in warm hearts a sweet adulation
Drawing from rivals a venomous stare.

Whispering love to the lily-white maiden,
Whispering hope to the youth at her side;
Red roses, red roses, their young hearts beguiling,

How airy-like, fairy-like, onward they glide.

Dusky red roses, alert and alluring,
Reflections you cast on the wearer's soft cheek;
Reflections you wake in the heart of another,
All chiding is vain when, red roses, you speak.

Red roses, red roses, so daintily hanging
Close to the ear of my lady so fair;
Have a care, have a care, lest young Cupid in
passing
Kiss not you, but a tress of my lady's dark
hair.

CHRISTMAS ROSES

PRETTY Christmas roses
Blooming in the snow,
This is quite alarming,
Perilous, you know.

Baby Christmas roses,
Pushing up so high,
Saw you aught angels
Swiftly passing by?

Saw you at the midnight,
A most wondrous star
Shooting beams of glory
O'er the plain afar?

Heard you one bright Angel
From the central light
Tell how Christ, the Saviour
Came to earth to-night?

All the holy angels
Crowded in the sky,
Sang to God be glory
In the heavens high.

Listen! Hardy shepherds
Heard the minstrelsy,
Heard the angels' message,
And they went to see.

Bethlehem, a little town,
City of the King,
Filled with ever coming crowds,
Refused to shelter Him.

The shepherds found the stable,
And the Christ-Child there,
While His Virgin Mother
Knelt in quiet prayer.

There the dear Saint Joseph
Lost in wonder too,
Listened to the shepherds
Just like me or you.

Born within a stable,
Cradled in a stall,
The lovely Christ-Child smiling
Watches one and all.

Soon along the hillsides,
The Christmas story spread,
Christ had come, the Saviour,
A Child in manger-bed.

Baby Christmas roses,
Shaking off the snows,
This is the sweet story of
Jesus, the Christmas Rose.

TO A WHITE ROSE

BEAUTIFUL flower, with delightful emotion
I hold thee
And fold thee
Close to my heart.
Acclaiming thy beauty with knightly devotion,
A thing apart.
Silken and soft is the cloud of mid-summer,
Dazzling with light is the sand on the lea,
White is the sifted snow blown through the
forest,
This and yet more is thy beauty to me.
So daintily moulded,
So rarely unfolded,
Gift of Divinity.
Peering anew mid thy clustering petals,
A touch discloses
Wherein reposes
Thy heart of gold.

Fragrance distilling, profusedly spilling
A wealth untold.

Solve me the secret of life evanescent
That reaches perfection for instant decay,
"Time has no count with the loving Creator
A thousand of years is with Him as a day,"
Comes from my dutiful,
Glowing, and beautiful
Ephemeral rose of a day.

Brilliant white rose, into cool brimming water
I steep thee,
To keep thee
Life's little day.

Out in the thorn-brake a robin is scolding
Over the way.

Tells me I stole thee, he did behold me,
Noisy and vengeful he soothes down his pain.
Thus do our joys waken envy around us,
Eternal the feud between losses and gain.
Exquisite flower,
Rose queen of thy bower,
Reign on, in thy loveliness reign.

THE CALL OF THE RED WING

OUT in the bright, merry sunshine
A red wing is calling to me;
I know what he wants in the matter,
I know his insistent chee, chee.
Come out, come out.

The crocus is lifting its chalice,
The snowdrop is raising its head;
The wind is at play in the grasses,
The frost and the winter are fled.
Come out, come out.

Come out, oh, come out in the open,
New life all around you must see;
New growth, with the promise of plenty
The earth is upspringing in glee.
Come out, come out.

The men are at work in the corn fields,
The plough and the harrow are out;
100

The hoe and the rake and the shovel
Are mended and standing about.

Come out, come out.

The out-of-door world is delightful
The new sap mounts high in the trees;
The birds from the southland are homing,
The farmer is hiving his bees.

Come out, come out.

Just lay down your work for a minute,
And see what a few days can bring;
In newly turned earth there is magic,
And health in the breath of the spring.

Come out, come out.

Hark, how the children are shouting,
None have such wisdom as they;
Open the door, and they're flying
Out in the open to play.

Come out, come out.

Oh, who would not live in the open,
And thrill with the joyance of spring;
Life is free, life is gay in the open,
I come at thy calling, red wing.

Come out, come out.

GLAD JUBILEE DAY

LET us sing a merry song,
 This glad day,
We have waited for it long,
 This glad day.
There is gladness in the air,
Jubilee and praise and prayer,
For our Sister everywhere,
 This glad day.

CHORUS

Hail! dear Sister, happy greeting!
While the festal rolls along,
May remembrance steal upon you,
Sweet as half-remembered song.

In the bloom of youth so sweet,
 This glad day,
Came a maid with willing feet,
 This glad day,

Came with brave young heart and true,
Came among the chosen few,
Came to wear the habit blue,
This glad day.

Five and twenty years ago,
This glad day,
In the early morning glow,
This glad day,
At the altar decked with care,
Knelt a Sister young and fair,
Pledging vows with holy prayer,
This glad day.

Five and twenty years have sped,
This glad day,
Five and twenty years have fled,
This glad day.
On our Sister's brow to-day,
We will bind a silver spray,
In the good old convent way,
This glad day.

ON THE NATIVITY OF JESUS CHRIST

IT was a quiet night, when Christ was born,
Alike of bleakness and of wildness shorn;
A tranquil night that musing nature gave,
For the reception of the heavenly Babe.

In the low sky a million star lights gleamed,
Burning so clear, a midnight sentry seemed,
Transferred to earth to guard the Babe's soft
rest,
Who dreamed first dreams upon His Mother's
breast.

A central star refulgent with white light,
Burst through the clouds and wondrous made
the night.
While Bethlehem alarmed, stopped short the
dancing lyre,
Bursting its doors proclaimed the sky on fire.

Some shepherds huddled on a distant plain,
Broke off their ditty, hearing heavenly strain;

Glory to God, the burden of the song,
A myriad angel voices rolled along.

Anon, and ever still bright faces shine,
And in and out the sky with set design,
The Annunciator stood in pearl array,
And gave such signs as heraldry displays.

Behold, I bring you tidings of great joy!
Erect and gazing knelt each shepherd boy,
In Bethlehem, the city of God's favor,
This day is born to you a Saviour.

This, he continued, shall be sign to you,
His vesture shall be swaddling linens, too;
In a sheep's manger you shall find Him lying,
His gentle Virgin Mother near Him, sighing.

When these rude shepherds, huddled in a ring,
Had heard these words and the glad angels
sing,
As one man springing, they their shoulders load,
With fleecy store, and speed the Bethlehem
road.

In simple faith the shepherds found their Lord,
And in the newborn Babe, their God adored;
And going spread report as told to them
That Christ was born that day in Bethlehem.

Three kings came out of the East one fated day,
With servant train and caravan display;
Their guide a star that led the winding line
Across the yellow sands to Palestine.

At such a time as rest caused keen desire,
Love in the heavens watched their signal fire;
When Herod heard them at his palace gate
His heart grew hot with treachery and hate.

Fast in its meshes Jewry sought to bring
This gentile horde that sought the new-born
king;
The Wise Men bent their brows and traveled on;
The pad, pad, pad of camel filled the morn.

They shook the Bethlehem gates at first sunrise;
Their coming waked the town to wild surprise;
The gentile train, as volatile as they,
Made shows of wealth, fantastical display.

The Wise Men leisurely as on the plain
Made query for the new-born King again.
A new-born King! Would it with Herod pass?
And Herod heard the growing of the grass.

The guiding star gave signal to the wise;
Its task was ended and it fled the skies.
They entering the house adored the Child
Enthroned upon His Mother's knee, the Baby
smiled.

From gaping sacks they gave the Infant gold,
And frankincense and myrrh of wealth untold;

The Babe looked on and ever smiled to see
The faith that prompted generosity.

Soon camel bells went tinkling o'er the sands,
As these wise men returned to eastern lands
And published e'en to regions most forlorn
That Christ the Lord in Bethlehem was born.

Meanwhile the flower from Jesse's root waxed
strong;

And He, to whom all heaven and earth belong
Stroked with His baby hand the ox and ass
As they went by the manger out to grass.

From his rude manger ruled the Prince of
Peace,

Whose advent caused devouring war to cease;
From daisied thrones the Lords of the world
look round

Restless, deprived of war's accustomed sound.

The Roman gates of battle were ajar;
Chained on the field of Mars slept the dogs of
war;
Unbuckled armor hung in every hall;
The spear and shield clung useless on the
wall.

In every clime gaunt spoilage found surcease
For over land and sea was universal peace.
The pagan gods forsook the hidden shrine;
Nor priest in windy cavern did divine.

Vacated temples on the hill or dale
Rang with ferocious yells or haunting wail;
For heaven, earth and hell obeyed the Word
And paid its homage to the sovereign Lord.

The golden age turned backward in its flight
And filled the world with peace Christ's natal
night;
Isaiah's words of prophecy came true:
The wolf lay resting near the juicy ewe.

The tiger stretched him near the bleating sheep;
The lion's den afforded dreamy sleep;
A little Child shall tempt the basilisk's den,
Withdraw its hands to safety again.

A little Child, the flower from Jesse's root,
Did lead both subject, man and brute.
Sweet heavenly peace the Christ-child brought
below,
He brimmed the loving soul to overflow.

That night of nights, of His so wondrous birth,
The Christ Child brought His lasting peace to
earth.

In lowly hut or stately palace hall,
The new-born Saviour loves and blesses all.

SPRING

O FOR the spring and the uplift of nature,
O, for the spring and the scent-laden
breeze;
The plough in the glebe and the noise in the
clearings,
The stroke of the axe, the down-crashing of
trees.

Springtime released from the cold grasp of
winter
Scatters gay flowers from her bounteous lap;
The cowslip, the primrose, the daffy-down-dilly,
The trees all a-blossom with newly made sap.

The hills are a-tinkle with bubble and laughter,
The springs run to brooks with the liveliest
glee;
The chattering brooks made their way to the
rivers,
The rivers high swelling race on to the sea.

The birds have come home on the wings of the
morning,

With winnow of wings in gay series unfurled;
Life is a-stir with the wise intimations
God in His heaven is ruling the world.

A QUIET PRAYER

DOWN in the corner of a pew,
The nearest to the door,
An old man sat in silent awe
A full half hour or more.

I thought perhaps he needed help,
Or sought some priest to find,
His anxious movements ill-concealed
The shyness of his kind.

I nearer drew and questioned him,
If I might serve his need.
"No, no," he said, "I look around
Because I cannot read.

"I always come at this same hour,
After my work is done,
And here I sit and look at Him,
Until the set of sun.

“I cannot make a lengthy prayer,
I simply say, ‘Here’s John!’
But then the Master talks to me;
Too soon the hour is gone.”

“Dear Lord,” I prayed beside the man,
“I have grown wise to-day,
The quiet prayer is worthiest,
That hearkens what You say.”

Humbly I bent me to the floor,
The altar light gleamed on,
“Speak Lord,” I cried within my soul,
“Here is another John.”

THANKSGIVING DAY

THE grain from the cornfields is garnered,
The apples are all gathered in,
The cabbage, the beets, the potatoes
Are piled in their own proper bin.

The sides of the old barn are bursting
With more than a prosperous store,
The farmer needs build him a larger,
Perhaps in a year or so more.

The cattle and sheep are well sheltered,
They look round and sleek in the stall,
The feathered flock grumble in comfort,
The watchdog is master of all.

Hurrah! for the lumbering wagon
That rumbles along to the door,
A box and four kiddies astride it
Are home for Thanksgiving once more.

A racket, a stamping, a shouting,
A mother well-used to alarms
Throws open the door the same instant,
And gathers them all in her arms.

They carry her off to the kitchen,
Round her and round her they dance,
Till Dad, pushing in through the doorway,
Occasions a second advance.

They draw up their chairs to the table,
And eat—well like hearty young boys,
They finish the Thanksgiving turkey
With laughter and plenty of noise.

They cuddle and stretch on the hearth rug,
And chatter to Dad half the night,
While Mother with smiling attention
Makes home the one place of delight.

The apples come out, and the popcorn
That sputters in glee o'er the fire,
Till Mother asserts from her arm-chair,
“The boys are beginning to tire.”

“Off to bed, off to bed,” says the father,
“Enough is as good as a feast,
Sleep late, we will call you for breakfast,
You must have your eight hours at least.”

A twig bends, the great oaks inclineth
Away from or toward your home door;
Lest age sit alone in the firelight,
Think well on this bit of wise lore.

God's blessing be with the great nation
That calls all its children from school,
To feast on the Thanksgiving turkey,
And all that goes with it by rule.

THE FEAST OF SAINT AGNES

January 21

'TIS the feast of Saint Agnes, the young
Roman martyr
Who despised all the measures that power
could control;

Who met her bold lover with firm intimation
Her love was for Jesus, the Spouse of her
soul.

'Tis the feast of Saint Agnes, the sweet virgin
martyr

Who died for her faith, the brave death of
the just;

Whose sanctified memory shall live on forever,
When the name of the Empire is crumbled in
dust.

LITTLE BOY BLUE

HIS mother being dead, they left
Their Little Boy Blue in my care;
I wrapped my arms about the child,
And kissed his golden hair.

I taught him all that children learn
When they are half-past three;
But oftentimes I drew my brows
At things he asked of me.

I taught him how to say his prayers,
His folded hands in mine;
How to begin and how to end,
And make the holy sign.

But he taught me the sweetest thing
I never saw from other;
He drew his little hands from mine,
And blew a kiss to Mother.

“My Mother is up there, you know,
She will come home some day;
And when she comes,. her Little Boy Blue
Will go with her to stay.”

THE INFANT MARY

WELCOME, sweet baby,
That Heaven bestows,
A bundle of fingers
And pink curly toes.

Closed are thine eyelids;
Sweet be thy dream
God and His angels
Guard thee, my Queen.

Deep in thy pillow
Nestles thy head,
Angels are crowding
Round thy wee bed.

Open thy blue eyes,
Mary, my Queen,
Give me a cradle smile,
Sweetest e'er seen.

I gathered a lily
 Whence lily buds nod,
But rarer thy beauty,
 Lily of God.

Bright be thy natal day,
 Sweet be thy rest,
Folded in Anna's arms
 Baby most blessed.

THE VILLAGE OF BEAUPRES

WELL-FAVORED village of far-famed
Beaupres,
Your woodlands sing throughout the livelong
day;
The wild flowers scatter o'er your fallow fields,
The working farm a bounteous pleny yields.

The light of morn falls from an open sky,
And cheers the house and bursting barns hard
by;
The open door, the crow of chanticleer
Announce to all the world, the day is here.

The thrifty housewife starts the morning meal,
The farmer out of doors attends the feathered
weal;
The breakfast o'er, the men with rake and hoe,
Out to the fields in quick procession go.

The farmer gives the old accustomed sign,
The jovial helper straightway falls in line;
Then the frisky dog, the wisest of his kind,
And last the whistling boy falls in behind.

The good wife motions from the kitchen door,
And prays for generous yieldings o'er and
o'er;

Admires the sturdy gait of her good man,
And gives due credit to the good Saint Ann.

Blest is the day so happily begun,
With toil at dawn, and rest at set of sun;
Peace in the home, the fields, the balmy air,
Peace in the goodly land, for God is there.

GEORGINA

MY baby sister sickened
When I was hardly six,
And so I gave her—and for keeps—
My beads and crucifix.

I brought her these, and they were much
To be her very own,
For she had learned in other days,
To let them quite alone.

And next I brought my Jumping-Jack,
And made him play the fool,
Until I heard my mother's call,
To run away to school.

But once I came at earlier hour,
To bring her cherries red;
A scream—a fall—the household ran,
They feared that two were dead.

And even now, in whitening years,
I never view the dead,
But in the face of every maid,
I see a babe's instead.

A little form with angel face,
Asleep in marble rest,
Our Lady's medal at her throat,
And rosebuds on her breast.

THE SINGING SHELL

I PICKED a sea-shell from the strand,
I put it to my ear;
It told a mighty storm at sea—
I heard it all quite clear.

I heard the wrathful, towering waves
Break on a liner's deck;
I heard the falling of the mast
That made the ship a wreck.

Concentric curves, the laws of sound
Were not unknown to me;
And so I idly tossed the shell
Back to the smiling sea.

It is with life as with the shell
I threw from me so far;
The things that seem are different
From things that really are.

JUBILEE SONG

LET mirth and good fellowship brighten the
hour,

And time speed unheeded away,
Since round the feast table we gather to sing
Success to the Jubilee Day.
But once can the memory of twenty-five years
Be crowned with the silver and white.
O then let the festal be happy and gay,
Let song crown the feast with delight.

CHORUS

Jubilee! Jubilee!
For days that are gone,
For days that the future may hold,
When life at its sweetest is nearest to God,
And silver days promise the gold.

O sweet are the pleasures we share with our
friends,

When the heart and the spirit are gay ;

When care is unknown, and the sorrows to be
Are in mercy all hidden away.

But sweeter by far are the days that are gone,
And brighter they seem to the mind,

The farther we traverse the pathway of life,
The farther we leave them behind.

CONSOLATION

DEAR Lady, when I learned thy loss,
And counted what thy grief must be,
My heart sped o'er the wintry waste,
To find and comfort thee.
A stranger in a far-off land
Would stay those tears that flow,
For though I never saw thy face,
Thy soul I surely know.

Thy best beloved sleeps in peace,
The smile of God enshrouds the brave,
Unseen the holy angels rest
Beside his hallowed grave.
Take there, thy sorrow to thy God,
Tell there thy bitter loss,
And He will soothe and comfort thee,
Will take Himself thy cross.

Thy saintly smile! thy beauteous face!
Ah! I delight to think thee fair,

To build thee as thou must have been,
When summer filled the air,
And Irish hawthorn framed the door,
And Irish love was true,
And one great heart was all the world,
And half of Heaven to you.

I see thee in thine eldest son,
For he hath caught thy smile,
The lightning flashes of thine eyes,
When happy thoughts beguile.
I well believe, the day he left
Thy home beyond the sea,
Is marked amid the circling years
The first of grief for thee.

I see thee in thy second born,—
A thoughtful man of high desire,
Who mingles with thy tenderness,
The manner of his sire.
Oh! Lady, blessed with noble sons,
Both God's anointed priests,
Well should thy life be happiness,
And all thy days be feasts.

Lift up thy soul and praise the Lord,
Who deemed thee worthy in His sight,
130

To stand before Him, in thy sons,
And serve Him day and night.
Lift up thy soul, and weep no more,
Oh! yearning heart find rest!
Rejoice! the young disciples lean
Upon the Saviour's breast.

FAREWELL SONG

LET us sing of farewell,
Let us sing of farewell,
For the parting hour comes,
And its advent impels
That we sing of the days
We remember with pride,
When striving for fame
We have stood side by side.

Let us sing of old times,
Ere the new day begins
And our pathway around
Its bright radiance flings.
There's a charm in the past,
Which engages the heart,
And the lovelier grows
As the swift years depart.

To our school days, farewell,
To the old school farewell,

To its shelter and shade,
And the dear Convent bell;
To the class-halls of fame,
And the chapel so dim,
Where stillness is sweet
As the close of a hymn.

WE'LL SING CONGRATULATION

WE'LL sit in a magic circle,
And we'll sing the days of yore;
Words of praise to the Sisters living,
Of peace for the dead gone before.

CHORUS

Then sing ho, for the feast and be merry,
To the custom old be true;
Sing ho, for the Servants of Mary,
Hurrah! for the order in blue.

We'll sing of congratulation,
Of long life, then peace, and rest,
To our Jubilarians closing
Their twenty-five years professed.

We'll sing of the old log convent,
Our home on the Michigan shore,
Till remembrance brings back the faces
That will smile in our own never more.

We'll sing of our Mount Saint Mary,
Where the bonnie breezes blow,
Our own, and our own forever,
As long as the rivers flow.

We'll sing of our stately college,
With its classic doors thrown wide,
And the rank and file of students,
A great city's hope and pride.

We'll sing of our halls of learning,
Renowned throughout the state;
All receiving recognition
From the good, the wise, the great.

We'll sing of our endeavor
To spread the great kingdom of God,
By leading the child to the Master,
Along the way which He trod.

WHITE DAISIES

MY sweet daisy pet
Again we have met
Here in the meadow among the wild flowers.
'Tis worth a queen's dower
To find you, sweet flower,
And bring back the gladness of infantile
hours.

O little white frill
So dear to me still,
How eager I sought you in sunshine and rain!
How oft in my childhood,
I rambled the wildwood
And wove with my lovers the bright daisy
chain.

With fondest regret
I remember well yet
How gaily I brought you in bunches to
mother,

For children have power
With beauty to dower
The wee, common daisy above every other.

O flower of childhood,
Of field and wildwood,
Who would not pledge a friendship so true?
With life half over,
And love a rover,
Bright daisies I cherish old fondness for you.

JUBILEE SONG

Imitation—"Old Kentucky Home"

THE sun shines bright on my old Novitiate
home,
'Tis springtime, its gardens are gay,
The front lawn's green, but the orchard is no
more,
Where the birds made music all the day.
The wild hedge blooms round the dear old con-
vent door,
All fragrant, all shiny, and white,
By'm-by it must go, I shall miss it ever more,
Then my old Novitiate home, good night.

CHORUS

Sing with joy, my Sisters, O, sing with joy
to-day,
We will sing one song for the five and twenty
years,
And the old Novitiate home far away.

The old well stands near the ivy-covered wall,
Inviting and cool as of yore,
The wild birds nest in the branches straight and
tall,

In the elms by the old kitchen door;
The days far off seem the brightest we have
known,

The days when our youth found delight,
When those bygone times fail to keep the
memory green,

Then my old Novitiate home, good night.

The bell that hangs in the grey old belfry tower,
Whenever it swings to and fro,
Tells the self-same tale, the glad duty of the
hour,

As it did in the long, long ago.

A few more years for the burden and the heat
With Mary to guide us aright,

A few more years, O the days are swift and
fleet,

Then my old Novitiate home, good night. —

DOWN WHERE THE BUTTERCUPS
GROW

THERE'S a bridge you must go over,
And a very dusty road,
There's a wheat field close beside it,
Where a scarecrow guards the gold.

There are twenty million flowers,
All the color of the sun,
But the number is some fewer,
When the children's play is done.

There is laughter in the meadow,
But real frolics there begin
When they play—"do you like butter,"
With the cup beneath your chin.

There are swings among the oak trees—
Send you way up in the sky,
Till the sunburnt little pushers
Just must "let the old cat die."

There are barefoot boys a-plenty,
But the ones we like the best,
Climb the apple trees and shake them,
And just steal for all the rest.

Friends of childhood, bright and gladsome,
Now you shake your heads—you know
The bridge, the fields, the yesterdays
Down where the buttercups grow.

AN AUTUMN GLADE

THE golden wood is full of quiet ease,
The leaves begin to drop from stately
trees,
The ripened chestnut burrs bestrew the ground,
And save the dropping nut, one hears no
sound.

The glory of the summer day is dead,
The idlers of this ingle-nook are fled;
The merry laugh that sped the dancing feet,
All part of summer, have fled this still re-
treat.

The happy birds that warbled all the time,
In formed battalions sought a southern clime;
The chirping insects hide in ground or tree,
And leave the mystery of the woods to me.

A SONG OF TRIUMPH
[*in a series of films*]

I

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VI

SAINT LEO'S BELL

I

THE CALL TO BATTLE

SCENE—*Attila's barbarian encampment in the fields of the Danube.*

TWO BARDS

RESOLVE me why Byzantium and Rome
Each embassy has sent—a curious thing—
To make “The General of the Empire” of our
king.

Can tribute tempt a tiger not to roam!

At home,
Twelve kings do guard the entrance to his tent,
Wait on his will and serve his merriment.

CHORUS OF THE BARBARIANS

Attila! Attila! mower of men,
Titles are clear, when the sword is the pen,
Swords cannot blunder.
Fight, conquer the world, for the joy there is in
it,

In the crash and the roaring of battle we win it,
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
From the legions of thunder,
Ha! ha! ha! ha!

TWO BARDS

The Eastern monarch has not quite forgot
The ravages we made of his fair plains,
The scattering we made of hoarded gains,
His town afire, reward for fiendish plot,
Why not
Slay, burn the traitor cities, coward fanes,
Till o'er a blackened world our chieftain
reigns.

CHORUS OF THE BARBARIANS

Attila! Attila! Dread of the World,
Where the black banner of death is unfurled,
We follow, follow, follow,
Though pestilence mock us with rattling bones
Demons pursue with fiery stones,
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
We follow, follow, follow,
Ha! ha! ha! ha!

TWO BARDS

Let Rome prepare to front a daring foe;
Her cycling birds of destiny are flown;
A coward prince bestrides a toppling throne.
Rome's day is set—Attila's at the glow,
And so,
Tomorrow's morrow wakes a world's alarms,
Empire the stake—ye Huns, to arms! to arms!

CHORUS OF THE BARBARIANS

Attila! Attila! Scourge of God,
Fight for the crown and sceptre-rod.
Corral the world together
Trample it, tumble it down to hell,
Demons expect it with grin and yell,
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
Down, down, give it Roman weather.

TWO BARDS

Recall the ride of Death—the Gallic fray,
We left a myriad warriors for a pyre,
Gauls, Franks and Austrians left we for the
fire,
The same at Rheims, Besançon, and Cambray,
Aye, Aye,

Auxere and Metz—ten thousand Tartar lance,
Drank up the life blood of the sires of France.

CHORUS OF THE BARBARIANS

Attila! Attila! King of the Hun,
Saddle with death till the fight be won,
The devil must come to his own.
Earthquakes follow your horse's tread,
Rider and steed are with lightning fed,
Ha! ha! ha! ha!
Bred in the flesh, bred in the bone.
Ha! ha! ha! ha!

TWO BARDS

Woe! Woe! the day we struck at Orleans,
The victor god did hold his looks askance,
The victor god did fight that day for France,
And still he sulked, nor helped us at Chalons,
Yet on,
The fate of warrior changes with a breath,
Again we try the field for victory or death.

ENTER ATTILA

Ha! hold! Chalons—no more that name,
The string that dared it, snap ye in twain,
It shall not live to breathe the sound again.

Come, pluck your strings to battle glee,
Where lances waving wild and free
Compel a glorious victory.

The chief

Lifted a sudden look; his deep-set eyes
Small, secret, black, gathered the minds of all
As was his wont. Ugly as all his race
Stood out the man, short, broad, and swart of
visage.

Ample his chest. As thrice approved steel,
The sinews of his frame were moulded lithe,
And to all hardihood. His head a bulk
With flattened nostrils, and a tumbled mass
Of blackness that rolled over restless fires.
Withal this demon shape had magic power
O'er heathen nations. Subjugate or free,
His warriors proudly hailed him chief,
Quailed at his wrath, and bent unto his will
As who believed he had the favor of the
gods.

And Christians quailed, as at the scourge of
Heaven.

While he reflective stood, mind, subtle thought
Divided him from that still grosser herd,
More than his kingship. He knew to watch
and weigh

The passions of the people 'neath his sway,
To seek for prejudice that works a sudden
harm,
To know all creeds, that he might trespass
none,
And play with superstition to his gain.
And so he knew, to rein fanatic zeal
Or to unleash it at the opportune.
Thus wisely, on the harmonious wills of men,
More than the brute force of his barbaric
horde
Climbed he to power.

II

ROME ON A MISTL MORNING

SCENE—*Atrium of the Caesar's palace—
The Princess Honoria sits in a listening
attitude.*

CHORUS OF MAIDENS IN THE DISTANCE

Ave Roma Immortalis!

Rounded dome and fretted palace,
Spirits o' mist have been adorning
For the birth of this rare morning.
Now the ghost moon sinks to bed,
Now a lucid sheen is spread,
Larks their dewy wings have shaken,
Wake! ye seven hills awaken!

Battlemented gate and wall
Ye that fatal step recall
When a brother slew a brother
Twin, the second of his mother,
That he might not share dominion,—
This, Historia's sage opinion.

Oh! this quarrel of the brothers
Did beget a million others.

Shade of Romulus! those portals
Have looked down on famous mortals.
In the midst I see them standing
High-browed, noble and commanding;
Romans three, the brave Horatii,
And the Alban three, Curatii,
Ancient kings and pompous lictors
Consul and dictator—victors.

See! Horatius of the Tiber,
Him of the heroic fibre.
Cincinnatus from his farm,
Lest the republic suffer harm.
Wise Agrippa of the fables,
Decemvirs with their twelve tables,
Fancy brings them all together,
In the glorious morning weather.

How Camillus old in story
Shines there in triumphal glory;
Brennus the invading Gaul,
Whom he crushed beneath the wall.
Maximus and brave Marcellus

Sword and shield of Rome, they tell us,
Cato of the pointing finger,
Near the Scipios loves to linger.

Gracchi wearing looks suspicious
Mingle with the group seditious;
Hounding out a state's corruption,
Brought them swift and dire destruction;
Marius with the blood-red sword hilt,
Sorry that he had not more spilt,
Scylla who with deliberation
Drained the life-stream of the nation.

Caesar, Rome's imperial master,
Pale as when the world's disaster
Left him bleeding in the Forum,
At the foot of Pompey's column.
Et, tu, Brute! crimson handed,
With conspirators close banded,
Rash, dramatic Antony,
All, wrapt in dreams of empery.

There's Augustus great in story
Wooing fame, compelling glory.
And who soothed the royal pleasure,
By his soft and stately measure,
By his vision of fine trees,

By the humming of brown bees.
By his war or scene revival,
Roman Virgil without rival.

Ave Roma immortalis,
Mist is floating from each palace,
Faces that seemed true and dear
Fade and change and disappear.
In the East the sun is glowing,
Rosy streamers upward throwing,
Night and stars have thee forsaken,
Wake! ye seven hills, awaken!

Enter FIRST MESSENGER

MESSENGER.

Lady, my duty to the Emperor,
Be my excuse for this intrusion
Upon your privacy. I bring to you
Greeting, and word of gravest urgency,
To make provision for an instant flight
From Rome, at briefest warning.

HONORIA.

Yes, yes—what more?
Is war then waked anew?

MESSENGER.

From utmost Asia,
Wild hordes have leaped the Altai, scrambled
down
The bridle-paths of dizzy crag and slope,
Dared the white torrents, and the burning sands
Near Aral, at the call of Attila.
At the quick halt in Sagdiana vale,
Swarmed tribe on tribe, a countless multitude
Syrian, Moor, Wallachian, and Gepidae,
Russian, Mede, Dane, Greek, Alan, Visigoth,
Run tributary to the Tartar stream of war
From Oxus to the Rhine. The swollen tide
Seven thousand strong in lance and sword
Sweep o'er Pannonia and Noricum
With desolating track. Fiery clouds
Hang o'er the cities, crackling, falling in
With doom terrific. Rivers run red,
And famine stalks through wasted fields,
That even at the noon of yesterday
Made prophecy of bursting granaries.

Enter SECOND MESSENGER

MESSENGER.

Lady, Attila has crossed the traitor Alps
That throw the avalanche on wayfarers

And Roman legions. As wolves through the
defile

Close filed the Huns on steeds of blackest night,
Spread at its pass, and thunder down the plain.

Now fallen are the cities by the sea;

Fallen is Aquileia—all its streets run gore,
Its burnings light the far-off skies.

The turbulence of shriek and wild despair,
Of clashing swords, of yells and flying forms
Exceeds my telling, and your wish to hear.

Ruin follows ruin, as a train of fire
That snaps from rapid torch. Padua is aflame,
Vincenza, Bergamo, Verona—gone.

Milan and Pavia buy their very lives
By blank surrender of their properties.

So many a village does, that yesterday
Reared boastfully amid its fruitful plains.

Oh, Lady, it were pitiful to see

The wildered people flying to the shore

Escaping Italy; to see the aged

Who lagged together to gather hope, when
strength gave out;

The mothers, child in arm and by the hand;

The wounded hero wending to the shore,

Who yet may serve his fellows as he may,

Meanwhile the Hun with all his ebon horde

Is settled on the fields of Lombardy.
From his entrenchments near the Mincio
He gazes south, and plans a sudden climb
Up to the Capitol.

Enter THIRD MESSENGER

HONORIA.

Speak on. What now befalls?

MESSENGER.

My Lady,

'Tis bruited in the streets, the Emperor
Evades the city. Yet his being here
Would bulwark more the cause than many
cohorts.

The legions call for Caesar—Imperator!
Who still denies his presence. Aetius is calm,
His sway above the restless legions absolute.
But Aetius knows as every Roman knows
Men do not rush on death, except for victory.
The city has gone mad. Soothsayers prate
That each propitious star in Heaven above
Shines for the Hun. Men in the Forum tell
They saw two ships in conflict on the sea,
Against the disk of sunrise. Battle waged,
The magic sword of Attila blazed forth
Above the victor boat, then multiplied to mil-
lions

Sweeps meteor-like 'thwart the morning sky
And falls, with mighty crash on Mons Capi-
tolene.

Again, bound homeward at the noon of night,
Some saw the heavens glow as if on fire,
And thrice repeat the sign. In Campus Martius
The war-god's temple hissed with bolt from
Jove.

Word now is that the swift-winged Victory,
Guarding our frontier of her own sweet will,
Turns shoulder, pointing guidance to the foe.
And Lady, you may differ from me if you care,
But portents do incline, though 'gainst the will,
So subtle is the magic to illusion,
The bravest to despair.

Enter FOURTH MESSENGER

MESSENGER.

My Lady, Princess,
The alarm of battle fevers every brain,
For never was the city less prepared.
The Emperor is come—in council speaks
With Avienus and Trygetius,
And the Sovereign Pontiff, in whom centres
hope.

A galley, Lady, waits at Tiber's bank

To bear thee from the roar and din of war,
And so it please thee, I will wait upon
Thy going. But the ripest time is now.

HONORIA.

And so my brother will it. Let it be.
Lead on, I follow fate.

(Exeunt)

III

PRAYER OF POPE LEO THE GREAT

SCENE—*Interior of Saint Peter's*

The countless columns of Saint Peter's fane,
Dissolve the emerald light of early spring,
Between those shafts interminably twain
Bright aisles all filled with ghostly whisper-
ing.

High on the walls, mosaic angels sing
Of man's creation—they divinely taught,
Or, bending throne-ward, jeweled censers swing,
As if in triumph for the victory wrought
When Michael led, and all the warring spirits
fought.

Behold, where yonder lamp of flaming gold
Instructs the eye to find the sanctuary,
A pile of marbles, variant, manifold—
Perplexities unto the antiquary—

Behold the shrine, Saint Peter's reliquary,
Where circling steps exalt the table stone,
Above the angel group of statuary.

The dying Christ bends sweetly from His
throne
Of anguished mercy—desolate and alone.

But hark! a sound. One, arrow-swift, inclined,
Unfolds a door, and ere it backward swings,
Half the long aisle his footstep leaves behind.
Beneath his heel the conscious marble rings,
And somewhere in the roof an echo sings.

Down in obeisance where the altar throne
Exalts the Eucharistic King of Kings,
He bends him, and his vesture on the stone
Reflects a whiteness, that is fairer than its own.

'Tis Leo, Pope. That virile breathing form
Appareled as the forest-sifted snow,
On council floor has weathered many a storm.
The Manichees in him have met a foe,
Eutychians, Nestorians, we know
Have proved his zeal for Apostolic truth
By challenge and defense. That fervid glow
In his dark eyes, now past the heat of youth
Preludes a coming woe, a battle prayer forsooth.

Lord, with my mission I have hastened in,
It is decided in the council of the state
With Avienus and Trygetius I begin
Negotiations with the heathen at our gate.
Speak thou through me Thy will commensurate
To this great task. Build wisdom in my thought,
And in my words authoritative weight,
That when the contract to success is brought,
Mankind will laud Thy name—the wonder Thou hast wrought.

Peace! peace! give peace unto our day,
Bid war with its contending evils cease.
The world from gradual grasp of wild dismay,
Plague, famine, pestilence, release.
Rain down, O God, Thine ever-healing peace.
Nor sins remember, nor our secret pride;
Wash me, O Lord, yet whiter than the fleece,
In that fair stream Thou lost when crucified,
And earth forsook Thy love, and Heaven His face denied.

IV

THE EMBASSY

A-quiver in a fitful breeze,
The red disk shines behind the trees
Now lifting through the branching green,
It drips the woods with golden sheen.
And now suspent in higher blue,
Is mirrored in the globes of dew,
Until the bright glebe rivals true
The source from which it glory drew.
One long white road that winding through
The olive slopes in lengthening view,
But now distinct invites the eye
To judge the bound 'tween earth and sky.

The songsters that adore on high
Lift, cycle, soar—go skirring by.
The lowing herds their calls prolong,
The sheepfolds waken one by one.
The little Mincio rolls along
Rejoicing in some Tuscan song

It caught from one who when a boy
Whistled, along its banks, for joy.
Or angled here with quaint decoy,
Or played at hero in old Troy,
Or tired of tale of Jew and Turk,
Surprised his father's bees at work.
Still shows the farm a springtime face,
And sweets that lure the humming race,
Wild thyme abounding with wild grace
As when young Virgil knew the place.

But hark! a signal sharp and shrill
Directs to yonder tented hill,
The wreathing smoke of instant fire,
The neigh of horses, deep and dire,
The spreading hum of wilder horde
Proclaim the warriors at the board.
The barbarous horn and the noisy drum
Insist the hour for march has come.
The orders issued carry far,
Thrown out by voice attuned to war.

'Tis Attila's: "Ho there! ye Turcoman,
Goth, Tartar, and Gepid, on to the van.
Alans uproot ye the standard out there,
We ride through the valleys, outstrip ye the air.
The god of the sword is the god of this fray,
Rome the Immortal shall perish this day.

Not a dome on a church, not a roof on a hall,
Not a stone upon stone, do we leave on her wall.
And when we have tumbled the birds from the
nest

Let the kiss of the torch and the sword do the
rest.

He who first enters a breach in the wall,
Let him ask what he will, he shall gather in
all."

The brandish of swords makes stout reply,
And a mighty yell—"We win or we die!
Enough! At the signal, away—

But nay,

For on the highway leading down,
Through olive groves from Mantua town,
Instant appears a cavalcade

In shining brass and steel arrayed.

"Some Roman soldiery no doubt

A-weary from some merry rout"

Shouts Attila. Tartar bows lift high,

The chief withholds the signal-fly!

For on a horse that snorts and prances,

A rider with a white flag advances.

Instant the Hun his black steed wheels

And to his men himself reveals:

"Unstring the bow, and drop the lance,

We hear in honor what may chance.

Move not until these men withdraw,
Your chieftain keeps the common law.”
Out goes a horse with white flag rider,
The curious hum grows wide and wider.

At length the Roman embassy
Relieve the tense expectancy.
As men of marble—a stoic band
The legions of the Empire stand.
Pope Leo, central, either side
Men whom his fame has magnified.
Avienus there at his right hand
Is Roman of the consul band.
While he who holds at left of him,
Trygetius, Prefect late hath been.
And all on one resolve proceed,
To serve the Empire at its need.
Conspicuous by his stately height,
Resplendent in his robes of white,
Pontifical, that fold on fold
Wrought with gem and fret of gold
Clothe him about with dignity,
With pure and sweet benignity,
Tiara-crowned and crosier-handed,
Stoled in priesthood, cincture banded,
The Pontiff to those barbic eyes
Seems some descendant from the skies.

And spellbound on their steeds of death,
They sit and gaze with indrawn breath.
Attila views that God-like brow,
Forgetful of his late-made vow.
But he has scorned the world's great men,
What power doth melt his wild heart then?

The Pontiff bespeaks the chieftain Hun,
In the name of the Father, Spirit, and Son:
"Wherefore, Attila, art thou, who toil
Merely by war to heap up spoil?
To grind to dust our labored walls,
And flood with gore our ancient halls?
To overthrow the kings of earth,
And lead them captive for thy mirth?"

"Pontiff, I bear that magic name,
Ten thousand victories proclaim;
And I am of that hated race
The godly fear in holiest place.
A million lance obey my nod,
As King of the Huns, the Scourge of God."
"If thou art so," the Pope replies,
"The God who sent thee rules on high.
The Providence thy speech avows,
Bids thee but do what He allows."

Then secret word he speaks the Hun,
Which holds them both till midday sun,
The while the Tartars all amaze,
Grumble why thus their king delays.
Some say Saint Peter and Saint Paul
Appeared and threatened from the wall,
Unless he from the land withdrew,
And kept the terms of interview.
'Tis known before the Pontiff entered Rome,
The hordes of Attila were half-way home.

V

THE BUILDING OF THE CHURCH

The time was summer, and the land aglow
With such wild heat as is unusual
In temperate climes. The scarlet lilies hung
Close to their staves. The roses all a-thirst
Fell leaf by leaf upon their tangled beds.
The streets were quiet, and the doors were shut
And curtains drawn behind the lattices.
The opening of a screen in that still hour
Did lure attention.

Turning out of doors,
A man of generous build, his purple vesture
Proclaiming him a prince of Holy Church,
Sought for a little shade, and found it where
An oaken settle leaned against a tree.
Not seeking more, there open book he read,
Weighing the wisdom of his breviary.
At first, amid the pauses of the psalm,
Or at the turning of the yellow leaf,
He gave a sigh, perchance at what he read,
Or, seeing all the roses drooping so,

That things which promise well should end so soon.

But as the Bishop grew into his text,
A look of meditation fixed his brow;
That softened air of sweet beneficence
Which comes to holy men when least aware.
Perchance he traveled then in Galilee,
Or heard the Master call him from the lake,
Perchance he stood again in silent Rome,
And felt again the rapture of his youth.
But of a sudden, while he read and read,
The book o'er which he pored began to glow,
And seeking for the cause, his upward glance
Meets, fronting him, a bright angelic shape.
High in the region of the air he stood
With wide-spread pinions, fair as sunlit snow,
Which as he shook spread ecstasy of joy
And peace. He then:

“Thy principedom is, my lord,
Beset by many evils, to thy grief.
And part is waste, and given to wet woods.
And these the wild dog, unbelief, doth root,
Ah, many a beast thy courage must subdue.
Thy finger points within the office book,
The feast of Leo, Second, Pope, and Saint.
Recall the predecessor of that name
And how he strove to cleanse his mighty realm,

And drove the heathen from the gate of Rome.
I walked beside him on that day from Mantua.
A little town there is within thy land,
Within the town a meadow daisied o'er;
Here build a shrine to Christ and gather in
The Christian people, that they may not die
Lacking the Bread of Angels for their food.
Be resolute, unchangeable of will,
Fear not."

With this his closing word of hope,
The spirit lifted on his mighty wings,
Lessened by little and by more, and where
He cleft the violet Heaven with his wings,
As in remembrance, stood a shining star.

A gentle start convulsed the sleeper's frame,
He looked into the darkness, at the sky,
And just above the dim cathedral spire,
Shone in its place the beauteous Evening Star.
Well, well, the Bishop said, and found his book,
A man of dreams must sometimes fall on truth.
This little town is Arden, and will grow
Into a stirring city in God's time.
It was my last distraction ere I slept.

Making a pleasure of a morning hour,
He sought the pastor of the little town

Whom, being junior to his Bishop many years,
The Bishop loved as if he were a son.
And he, the priest of Arden did return
Most filial love and gentle courtesy.
So, when he saw his Bishop at his gate,
Descending, met him half-way down the path,
And gave him welcome, with meet ceremony.
But when the zest for work had come to both,
The Father brought his church plan, some years
 old,
Unfolded out the church between the two,
And gave the whys and wherefores of detail.
The blue prints fluttered downward one by one,
In little rustles to the shining floor,
Until the last, when now the bishop spoke—
“Father, I think the wigwam age is past,
Upon the waters let us cast our bread.
I hope to see this drawing built in brick,
And our great acre weeded ere I die.”
And he who listened wondered at the word
“And our great acre weeded ere I die.”
Albeit he questioned not, from reticence.

But when the aged Bishop full of sleep,
Had passed into the everlasting rest,
And the kindly priest of Arden filled his place,
Sorrowing for him he loved and revered,

He learnt the meaning of the passing words,
And how the order of this world is change.
Along the hedges of his territory,
The wild fox of free-thinking beat about,
Seeking for entrance, and the glittering head
Of that sleek serpent, license of the times,
And the ill-shaped dragon, veiled Socialism.
But he alert did keep his boundaries whole,
And guards them still with utter vigilance.
And in the growing city, Arden of to-day,
He still does work through delegated hands.
Saint Leo's Church is quarter century old,
As its sweet bell tells all the countryside,
And calls to Mass, and glad thanksgiving prayer
For all God's mercies. Now the Bishop comes
With all the graciousness he had of old,
And mingles with the people as of old
With tender gratulation as of old.
The kindly pastor and rejoicing friends
Fill the bright sanctuary to its bounding rail,
The Mass goes on, and from the altar-throne,
The God of mercies blesses every one.
The Blessed Virgin 'neath her starry crown
Looks down with gentle mother-love the while,
And every happy saint on window pane
Upon the congregation seems to smile.

And when the people pass
Out in the frostiness of early morn,
Through wide-thrown doors, above them and
afar,
In radiant beauty shines the morning star.

VI

ST. LEO'S BELL

Blithe and gay,
Swing and sway

Chimes in the belfry far away.
For never was day so fine,
Joyful, exultant, divine.

Pour from the steeple a mist of song,
Merrily sprinkle it over the throng

This day,

Olden, golden, jubilant day.

High in air,
Exalted there,

Ring out a melody everywhere,
A million entrancing notes,
Daring and mischievous motes,
Telling of jubilee in their flight,
Filling us, thrilling us with delight,

This day,

Olden, golden, jubilant day.

Come! Come! Come!

Leave your home.

And out-skip children frolicsome,
Each eager uplifted face
Lit with angelical grace.

The tiniest darling can tell you why
Bells ring so cheerily up in the sky,

This day,

Olden, golden, jubilant day.

High and low,

To and fro,

Maiden and youth through the portal go.
In the clash and clang now dwells
Intimation of wedding bells.

The garlanded frame, with door thrown wide
Has ushered in many a groom and bride,

This way,

On olden, golden, jubilant day.

Faint and low,

Die—so—so,

Age comes with weary step and slow,
Low in the Presence Divine,
Reverend love must incline,

Sinking to comfort in oaken pew,

Builted he better than ever he knew

They say,
Olden, golden, jubilant day.
Saint Leo's bell
Forever tell
Where a true Catholic people dwell.
Loving God and one another,
Every man to each a brother.
Fling the news merrily higher and higher,
Utter your jubilee under the spire
This day,
Olden, golden, jubilant day.

OUR LADY OF LOURDES

Canto I

IN that old land of soft and genial clime,
The Southland of the Gaul in ancient time,
The borderland that claims the Pyrenees,
And murmurs "France" through all its forest
trees,

There Lourdes is set:—a little mountain town
Skirting great, pendant rocks which ceaseless
frown

On all the modest hamlets of a plain
That joyed the heart of deathless Charlemagne.
At eagle height a grim old castle stands,
Torn by the Franks from ruthless Moslem
bands.

Once it was prison; once an aerie flight
For bandits, fierce marauders of the night,
Now 'tis a fortress buffed by every breeze,
And blocks the passes of the Pyrenees.

Close to the town the noisy Gave flows by,
Through shades whose denseness Summer heats
 defy;
It laves the castle rock where sheer it fell,
Long known and named the rock of Massabielle.
Lashed into strength by barriers up and down,
It turns the mill-wheel of the busy town.
Anon it glides and glances in the sun,
Through pleasant fields when summer is begun;
Through flowery meads where gurgling springs
 abound,
And spread a tender greenness all around
Past highways rumbling under heavy wains,
Or grand chateaux midst cultivated plains.
Again it glides beneath a wall of rock
Past dotted slopes—some shepherd with his
 flock,
Past life and death, with never stop or stay,
The busy Gave goes tumbling on its way.
It hurries on as one of anxious mind,
To leave the town of Lourdes far, far behind.

And if we follow on through fen and brakes,
We find the happiest stroll the rambler takes,
For in these villages that dot the plain
Our story brings us more than once again.
The Gave flows on to Pau, then turns about,

With many a curious winding in and out,
Until it meets the Adour, and they as one
Through the flat valley gently wander on,
Seeking the waters of that treacherous bay,
Which fumes with anger e'en a summer's day.
Full restless, while it feigns a beauty trance,
Its white waves, ceaseless, lash the coast of
France.

At Lourdes, above the bridge that spans the
Gave,
An Island named Du Chalet parts the wave;
Turns the forked water to the right and left,
Just where the castle rock is deeply cleft.
Pierced by three grottoes piling each on each,
And to a height the eye may easy reach,
The lower cave spreads wide in booth-like form,
And serves the shepherd in a sudden storm.
The second cave, a niche above the first
Upon the eyes a great rose splendor burst,
For here in summer the wild eglantine
Would trail bright roses in a tangled line
About the base. The crannies of the rock
Held firm the roots of still a sturdier stock,
The hazel, ivy, boxwood, and the heather
That bravely held their own in changing
weather,

Or beaten to the earth with frost and rain
Awaited spring bravely to rise again.
In winter was the niche forlorn and bare,
Amidst the general desolation there,
For when of bloom and fragrant beauty shorn,
It showed an outline rough and weather-worn.
Dead branches tossed by every wandering
breeze
Hung bent or broken from the leafless trees.
Matted and brown the wild hillside grasses
Clung to the earth in scanty tufted masses.
Such was the place, weird, rough, and riven,
Destined awhile to be the Gate of Heaven,
For here within this grotto bleak and wild,
The Lord's own Mother spoke unto a child.

Canto II

BESIDE the Gave, a miller's cottage stood
Upon a long, wide stretch that hemmed
the wood;
Just where great barriers angered all the
stream,
And waked it fuming from a tranquil dream.
Here nature lavished with a bounteous grace
Her charm and beauty all around the place.
The tree that swayed before the cottage door
Played the fantastic on the kitchen floor.
The sunshine ran in ripples o'er the grass,
The wild bee buzzed upon the window glass.
Without, fair nature did her best to please,
Within was little comfort, lesser ease.
Alas! the miller Soubirous was poor,
Good fortune from his hearth had flown,
And all the ills that struggling men endure
The mountaineer might justly count his own.
The thrifty mill upon the busy Gave
Began to turn at length an idle wheel,

The young wife always feigning to be brave
Must needs spread day by day a scantier meal.
Four children stood about the scanty board,
All hungry from their youthful rapid growth,
And one was frail. The parents ever loath
To keep from her the things she needed
Made plans at length to send the child away.

So Bernadette, their frailest, sweetest child
Was sent where days are soft and mild,
To ease a growing asthma pain
And bring back roses once again
To little cheeks too early paling,
To little maid so sadly failing.

Time came the miller hoped no more,
But turning, locked the old mill door,
His heart 'gainst fate and fortune steeled,
He hired himself in other's field.
From dawn to dusk he toiled to win
A sustenance for those within
The cottage where the sunshine played
And children's voices music made.
Bravely he toiled against every ill,
His heart courageous, buoyant still
With trust in Heaven, a trust that yet
A morn of bright celestial ray

Would issue from a sun then set
And lengthen to a prosperous day.
His wife beside him in the fields
Of greening things the springtime yields
Did patiently a woman's share,
Too happy to be helpmate there,
To second what his mind approved,
As best to do for those they loved;
To follow wheresoe'er he led
Through wheat or rye or fragrant clover,
And where he dug to scatter seed
In heat and shine the brown field over.
How oft beyond the greening land
Which wakens to the voice of spring,
How often standing hand in hand
The parents' thought took anxious wing
To one green slope where beauty smiled,
When oft the voice of their dear child
Calling a halt to her young flock
Within the shadow of some rock
Rang clear upon the noonday air,
And gathered all her lambkins there,
For Bernadette, as time sped on its way,
Was known as shepherd-maid of old Bartres.

Now who is she that speeds her way
Along the streamlet's frozen brink,

When weary of a sullen day,
The western sun begins to sink?
Who comes attended either side
By playmates shouting far and wide,
While many running on before
Eager to bear the first glad tidings,
Push through the half-shut cottage door,
Nor heed the least the mother's chidings?
'Tis Bernadette! A little run,
She falls into her mother's arms;
And then her father's ear is won,
Attracted by such wild alarms.
'Tis Bernadette! Now quiet reigns
And faces slip from window panes,
The chairs are drawn about the fire,
Each side the armchair of the sire,
And nearest him his eldest daughter,
Who smiling tells how their wishes brought her,
And all the happenings of the way
Along the high road from Bartres,
And how she loves to tend the sheep
Upon the hills when days are fair,
And how much little lambkins sleep,
And how she loves the open air,
Too, she is glad—so very glad
That they have brought her home to stay,
And she would use what mind she had

To fit her for Communion Day.
And more she said, as those who roam
When gathered round the hearth at home.
The clock struck ten. Upon that sound,
The father rose from out his chair,
One telling look he cast around,
The household sank to evening prayer.

Canto III

ELEVEN o'clock rang merrily
From out the old church tower,
And smoking chimneys cheerily
Proclaimed the mid-day hour.
Within the cottage Soubirous
Although the hour was grown so late,
There was no fuel to renew
The fire that smouldered in the grate.
The mother lifted up her head,
Called to her second child, and said—
“O hasten, Marie, to the wood,
And gather fire-wood as you roam;
Put on your sabots and your hood,
Nor stray too far away from home.”

“Let me go, too,” cried Bernadette,
“I have not seen the Island yet.”
A shade came o'er the mother's brow,
What gentle thought perplexes now?
“The air is yet too damp for you,

Marie this little task can do;
'Tis better, daughter, to take care,
Than run a risk by going there.”
It chanced Jeanne Abadie, a child
Daring of heart, of manners mild,
Stood in the doorway and began
To coax the mother from her plan.
“See, Madame Soubrious, the sun
Is coming out—the rain is done,
The birds are singing in the trees,
The wind is but a summer breeze.
Do give your word that Bernadette
May wander with us on the shore,
And I will promise never yet
Such driftwood came to you before.
We cannot leave Bernadette behind,
You will not ask it—Oh, be kind!”
And what befell, each one can see
Who knows the magic, flattery.

'Twas noon when to the bridge they came,
The rustic bridge which spans the Gave,
And whispering Blessed Mary's name,
They sought the isle beyond the cave.
Marie and Jeanne walked on ahead;
They bent for driftwood here and there,

And even from the river bed
They drew some brambles out with care.
“Oh, Jeanne! the water is quite low,
They repaired the mills to-day, you know;
The water has been turned aside;
Let us cross over”—Marie cried.
They drew their sabots from their feet,
Into the icy water waded.
“Come, follow us,” they both repeat,
And Bernadette stood half-persuaded.
One sabot to the ground she threw,
She started! Whence the wind that blew
With fury of the hurricane?
She wondered—nature might explain.

O beautiful! a maiden stood
In her bright early womanhood;
With open brow and holy eyes,
She seems a spirit from the skies;
A being delicate and fair,
Descended from celestial air.

Such was the maid, who at that hour
Sweet as an incense-breathing flower
Stood half transfixed 'tween earth and sky,
Searching a flawless canopy.
That endless sweep of bright blue plain
With snowy masses piling, swelling,

No signal gave of hurricane,
Or wintry blast indwelling.
A pulseless silence all around
Made fear and wonder more profound.

But see! she turns with sudden start,
The unknown blast afresh she hears,
The life-blood chills within her heart;
Half dead she sinks beneath her fears.
She lifts her eyes—entranced she gazes
Upon the rocks of Massabielle,
While on the air in holy mazes
Rings soft and clear the Angelus bell.

Within the niche of tangled roses
A lady lit with glory stands,
With face—O, so divinely tender,
And mother-like, with folded hands.
The holiness of starry eyes
Assert, though wandering earthward now,
Her spirit's home is in the skies.
Her form the middle height of woman,
The true ideal of our race;
Yet never word that mortals summon
Enshrines her loveliness and grace.
The cool, rich oval of her cheek
Is exquisite with rosy hue,
The opened lips about to speak

Show pearls of beauty shining through.
Her foot upon the eglantine
With airy lightness presses,
Full lovingly the blooming vine
Returns her soft caresses.
Her simple robe is soft and bright,
And falls in ample folds of light,
In shine and sheen a lily-white.

Canto IV

THE Virgin's hands were clasped in prayer,
Her eyes looked upward to the skies,
As though in realms of tenuous air,
They pierced the gates of Paradise.

Between her palms clung tenderly,
Like pearl within a shell of ocean,
A milk-white gleaming rosary
To urge the world's devotion.
Perhaps she held in memory then
The radiance of an angel face,
And heard in Nazareth once again,
"Hail! Mary, full of grace."

Anon, the Virgin dropped her eyes;
They held the maiden's at her feet—
Let who can tell the glad surprise
When innocence and Heaven meet.
The maid with chaplet in her hands,
A-tremble to her being's core,
Sank down upon the river sands,
Would supplicate—could do no more.

Again she tried to raise her hand
To bless her with the sacred sign;
The Virgin seemed to understand,
Her countenance grew most benign.
She made herself the holy cross,
As she would bless both earth and heaven;
And then, without a moment's loss,
The power to Bernadette was given.
She raised her hand unto her head,
As though some guiding movement led.
Aloud in glad ecstatic tone
She told her chaplet bead by bead,
While she who heard from rocky throne
Seemed well content to intercede.
Praise to the Father and the Son,
And to the Spirit, three in One.
The words of faith rang on the air,
Soaring to God and ending prayer.

The Vision then inclined her head,
And into highest Heaven fled.
As one who falls from some great height,
As one awakened in a fright,
The peasant girl surveyed the ground.
How dull the landscape seemed all round!
What dimmed the brightness of the sun?
How had the Vision first begun?

Such were the thoughts that held her mind,
And left her soul but half resigned.
For he to whom a glimpse is given,
Must needs aspire, must sigh for Heaven.

With bundled fagots on their back,
The gatherers now retraced their track.
A something strange their quick eyes trace
In Bernadette's excited face.

"What is the matter?" both cried out,
"What is the trouble all about?"
At once the island lost its charm.
"Perhaps she came to do us harm!
Let us go home"—they both observed,
"Bernadette, that's just what you deserved,
For see, you have not any wood,
And idleness can bring no good."

Scarce had they reached the cottage door,
When Marie hastened to outpour
All that had chanced upon the isle.
The mother answered with a smile—
"Such nonsense! Now you can believe
How easily the eyes deceive.
And Bernadette, go there no more,
To dream upon the island shore."

Canto V

FOUR days passed by; 'twas Sunday morn,
That blessed day from labor torn.

Bright rose the sun, with genial ray
It gladdened all the country way.
Across the fields from distant farms
Came suddenly those quick alarms
Which serve the most delightful end—
Of calling friend unto a friend.

And soon the people gathered so,
Mingled and paired and turned to go

The way to Mass.

Father and son

Proudly the village train led on;
Then mother with the youngest daughter,
Whose laughter, sweet as rippling water
Gathers the sunshine of the plain,
And comes in echo back again.
The grandsire, still with gallant stride,
Upheld the lady by his side,
While last the churchward path to cover,

Came lingering maid and happy lover.
And as they neared the holy place,
Composed in bearing and in face,
The crowd passed slowly in the door,
Fell to the knee to worship and adore.

Among the crowd was Bernadette,
With head and happy face bent low,
Nor in her prayer might she forget,
For one fair face would come and go,
And wake her soul to such emotion,
She cried aloud in her devotion.
And this she prayed—and O, how well!
“Sweet Jesus, bid my mother,
To let me visit Massabielle,
One other time—one other.”

The service ended, forth straightway
The children tumble down the hill.
They feel the freedom of the day,
And wander homeward at their will.
Marie and Jeanne and Bernadette
Speaking of things they can't forget,
With many a sigh, with soul elate,
Grow by degrees determinate.

“Come Jeanne,” at last cried Bernadette,
“You have not asked my mother yet,

To let us go to Massabielle,
Where the sweet Lady loves to dwell."

"Tell me about her first," said Jeanne,
"Was she so fair to look upon?
Is there no lady in our church,
Or anywhere that one might search,
Who bears resemblance to her face,
Or any likeness to her grace?"

"Not one, nor can our words express
The half of her sweet loveliness."
"She may be wicked," ventured Jeanne,
"And all this beauteousness put on.
To be quite sure, you might take care
To carry Holy Water there
Next time you go; and you must say—
'Come, if thou comest on God's part,
If from the devil, then depart.' "

"I think the Lady good as fair,
O, had you seen, you would not dare
To differ from my thoughts of her,
But would with all your heart concur."

Arrived at home, the children three,
In council plan quite prudently,
To ask permission in an hour
When happy humor yields its power.
"This story is an idle dream—

You must have slept beside the stream;
Put it, my child, put it away,
You saw no lady as you say,"—
The mother said. "You dreamt so true,
It seems reality to you.
Perhaps I'm foolish to give way,
But go—God keep you dear, always."

The grotto wore its stony stare,
A lone and solitary air,
The same vine twined about the cell,
And in the usual tangles fell,
But no suggestion there was given,
It late had been the Gate of Heaven.
"Come, let us pray," the children said,
And with sweet reverence bent the head;
A rose leaf falling to the ground
Would break a silence so profound.
"Look! She is there!" cried Bernadette,
"Can you see nothing?—nothing yet?"
Jeanne terrified beyond control,
Prayed from the depths of her young soul.
And as the mystery expands,
The Holy Water changes hands.
Then Bernadette to promise true,
The Holy Water round them threw.
"If in the name of God," she said,

“Approach.” The lady bent her head,
And moving forward to the edge
Stood radiant upon the ledge.

“Tell us, O tell us what you see!”
Whispered the playmates timidly;
For they had seen her features shine,
Her glance drink in a light divine.
But Bernadette absorbed in prayer
Heeds but the Lady standing there.
And when the last sweet bead was said,
The Apparition smiled and fled.

Canto VI

A GAIN four days; the village throng
Discussed one topic all day long.

Some said the vision was a soul
Entreating here a helpful dole
Of prayer, that it might gain
Release from wandering and pain.

And some pronounced it even this—
A demon from a dire abyss,
Vaunting itself a spirit bright,
Clothed in the vesture of delight.
And so conjecture grew and grew,
None knowing what he thought he knew.

But Bernadette went on her way,
Unheeding what the world might say.
Accompanied by a chosen few,
All down the village street she flew,
When morn its first bright beam discloses
And every heart to prayer disposes.

But torrents in the midnight grim
Had filled the river to its brim.
They viewed the stream with much dismay,
For they must take another way,
Which climbed the rocks, abrupt and wild,—
High crags on one another piled.

A sheer descent in winding line
Led downward to the Grotto shrine.
Here, having made the perilous way,
The ardent pilgrims knelt to pray.
At once the cave began to glow
As though a summer sun had set,
And through the mist came sweet and low
One soft, clear call to Bernadette.

Amidst the light, in rocky frame,
The wondrous Apparition came,
The Holy Virgin bent her head,
And smiled as if to banish fear.
And when the first surprise had fled,
Signaled the maiden to draw near.

Here Bernadette once sidelong glanced,
Beaming, ecstatic, joy-entranced,
“Do you not see the Lady fair?
She makes a sign to draw me there,”

“Ask her if we annoy her, dear,
If so, we will withdraw from here.”
The maiden asked, then turned her head,—
“You may remain, the Lady said.”
The women knelt beside the maid,
Troubled in heart and sore afraid,
One holding taper in her hand,
First made a sanctuary of the land.
That little flame she lighted there
And guarded from the flickering air,
While faith is faith and ages turn,
Shall through the future ages burn.

“Ask her her name” some good soul pleads,
“And if there be anything she needs.
Tell her we both will help you pray,
Have Masses said to aid her way.
Here we have pen and ink and paper,
And while we hold this blessed taper,
Ask her to write her name and story,
If she be soul from Purgatory.”
The child took paper, ink, and pen,
And moved toward the Grotto, when
The Vision drawing back apace,
Stood in the center of the place.

“O, Lady,” said the child afar,
“If you have aught to say to me,

Will you not write me who you are,
And what your great desire may be?"

The Virgin smiled at this request,
And thus addressed her simple guest:
"There is no need that I should write
The things I came to tell you, dear,
Do me this service, at day's light
Each day for fifteen days, come here."

"I promise this, I promise this,"
The child cried out in highest bliss.

"And I," the Virgin said, "And I
Promise to make you happy, child,
Not in this world so bleak and wild,
But in your home beyond the sky."

"Ask her before the time is fled,
Ask her," the two companions said,
"Would it displease her if with you,
We came the fifteen mornings, too."
The child obeyed. The Virgin said,
"They may return and others, too."
And then inclining her fair head,
As one would say, I say to you,
"For I desire—here—to see
Many peoples come to me."
The Grotto filled with radiance bright,
Then fled the Vision of delight.

Canto VII

THE little child whose humble name
Had suddenly acquired such fame
Was unobserved—unknown at least,
To Monsieur le Curé—the parish priest.
Brusque in his way, and curt of speech,
All sinners loathed to hear him preach.
But simple folks who trusted God
Worshipped the very ground he trod.
Monsieur le Curé loved the poor;
Pitied the ills they must endure.
A great, strong man subdued by grace,
Who looked truth squarely in the face.
He did not know the little child,
Now wonder of the country-side,
For she had been from home alway,
A shepherd girl—of old Bartres.
With wise reserve he passed no word
Of judgment on the affair that stirred
The parishes now from end to end,
And was the query passed from friend to friend.

“We shall await events,” he thought,
Till proving for or against is brought;
Until authority has spoken,
We shall give neither sign nor token.
If all be true and Heaven-planned,
No man may stay it with his hand.”

The third day of the Quinzaine came,
When thousands drawn by curious fame,
Gathered about the rock-bound cave,
And lined the banks along the Gave.
Spread o’er the meadow and the isle,
Crowded the rocks and each defile.
And all were waiting there to see
The solving of the mystery.
Through that great throng assembled there,
The child passed on with simple air;
While next her father came, and mother,
Followed by sister and by brother.
Simple of heart, composed of face,
The child sought out her chosen place.
One moment flew, the waiting crowd,
Prayed from believing hearts aloud.
One moment sped—then, O the sight
That filled them with supreme delight.

The young child’s face assumed a glow
Dazzling as summer’s mountain snow.

Her brow such loftiness upbore
As never mortal saw before.
Half-opened lips that gasped surprise,
Uplifted, glowing, fixed eyes
That held a view of Paradise.
So quite transformed the little maid,
The people gazed, subdued, afraid.
A joyful though unnerving thrill
Played at their heart strings—lingered still,
To wake again to high degree,
As the wrapt child, quite consciously,
Reached out to one who near her came,
To light her taper at his flame.
“Hallucination is not here—
Nor catalepsy—nothing here—
This is a case not found within—
In fact, unknown to medicine,”
Said Doctor Dozons—learned man,
The while he took within his span
The child’s calm pulse. He shook his head—
“No—no excitement here,” he said.

Next moment moving on her knees,
The child advanced a pace and sees
The Blessed Virgin’s mournful glance
Cast o’er the wide, wide earth’s expanse.

“What is the matter?” asked the child,
“What must be done, O Lady mild?”
“Pray child, for sinners,” the Virgin said,
“Pray child;” and so the Vision fled.

The mist of light which filled the air
Lingered behind the Vision fair.
When it had melted quite away,
It seemed that sunlight left the day.
The peasant girl, herself again,
Turned homeward through the rocky glen.
But virtue may not rest in peace,
Nor ever persecution cease.
“In the name of Law,” a rough voice cried,
And like the ebbing of the tide,
The crowd fell back on either side.
“Come, I arrest you. Come with me.”
“Sergent de Ville, I follow thee.”
“No!” cried the crowd, “Hands off the child,
We will not see her thus defiled.”
And then above the wrangling crowd,
One voice commanded clear and loud,
“Authority must have its way;
Fall back, nor cause undue delay.
This is God’s purpose. It will tell
The fuller truth of Massabielle.”

Threatened, coaxed, and questioned o'er,
And round, and cross, and round once more,
No deviation could be found,
The story still was whole and sound.
Again the law cross-questions blent,
Until the child was tired and spent.
At last with dull, yet lifted head,
"I can but tell the truth," she said.
And yet on many another day,
The child was tortured in this way.

Next day at noontide's tranquil hour,
While yet the Angelus from the tower
Reverberated on the air,
And every peasant knelt in prayer,
A power felt, but quite unseen,
Along the way for which she pined,
Urged on the child across the green,
As leaf is carried by the wind.
But ah, the happiness, the sweetness
Was never destined to completeness.
All this to strengthen her decision
To keep her promise to the Vision.

There in the old accustomed place,
The child knelt down and sued for grace.
Murmured her chaplet o'er and o'er,
And prayed the Lady come once more.

“Why hast thou disappeared?” she pleaded,
“Why dost thou leave me?” All unheeded
Her voice rang out on empty air,
The Lady noticed not her prayer.

The disconcerted crowd drew near,
“Ah! just as I said”—“just as I fear”—
“The Vision never did appear,”—
Passed in the crowd from each to each.
“This should a goodly lesson teach.
The Commissary then was right,
And all this nonsense ends to-night.”
Shrugging their shoulders, off they went,
Murmuring of lies and discontent.
And some that knew not what to say,
Troubled of heart turned on their way.
But Bernadette still lingered on,
Counting her prayer-beads one by one.
Her chaplet said, she took the road
That led her down to her abode,
Sighing upon the empty air—
“Thou wert not there—thou wert not there.”

Canto VIII

THAT hour the sun leaps o'er the rim,
To view this slumbering world of ours,
A curious crowd, disgruntled, grim,
Assembled at the Grotto bowers.
The day before they came in vain,
They could see nothing here again.
Here, too, the simple peasant maid
Before the rose niche calmly prayed.
But scarcely had the chaplet grown
One half the length it calls its own,
When trailing glories from the skies,
The Vision stood before her eyes.
And O, the radiance of that look,
A tenderer, kinder feeling took,
As grief the childish heart had known
Had found an echo in her own.
She smiled upon the shepherd girl,
And called her by her own dear name.
As bright as flush upon a pearl
The answering blushes came.

“Bernadette?” the call was soft and mild,
“I’m here,” in gladness cried the child.

“I have a secret all for you,
Concerning you, and you alone;
Promise me, faithfully and true,
Ere yet I make it all your own,
Promise while kneeling at my feet,
To none on earth you will repeat,”

“I promise you,” said Bernadette,
“To keep your word and ne’er forget.”

“And now, my child, go to the priests,
And bid them raise a chapel here
To me.” As sunlight on glad feasts
Eclipsed by wandering planet near,
The Vision fled this vital air,
And left a sweet child wondering there.

The crowd then pressed about the child,
With questions manifold, some wild,
“What did she say?”—What did she do?—
What did the Vision say to you?”
For none that saw the enraptured face
Doubted the Vision had taken place.

“She told me two things—one for me,
One for the priests.” Now I must go
Unto our Lourdes immediately,
For the great Lady told me so.”

At this fleet-footed as the wind,
She left the curious crowd behind.

Down the long street which runs to Lourdes,
With smile on lip and heart assured,
She went into the lower town,
And to a garden half-way down;
Sought for the railing's open grate,
Lifted the latch, in swung the gate.
True never mortal would opine
From any one external sign,
That embassy from highest Heaven
To such a simple child was given.

The Abbé Peyramale once more
Rose to attend the knocking door;
With finger in his half-closed book
And kindest thought within his look.
"God keep the poor," he inly sighed,
And instant threw the threshold wide.
"Well! Well!" he glanced severely down,
Darkened his brow with awful frown,
Though never met before that night,
He knew the little girl by sight.
A friend had said upon the street—
"There is the child you ought to meet."
"No, no; if the hand of God be here,
All will be manifest and clear.

If not, a prayer upon the rock
Can harm no member of my flock.”
Grave doubts existed in his mind,
That vision came of any kind.
And too, he knew the demon might
Transform himself to an Angel of Light.
His duty warranted that he
Should wait, not act precipitately.

“Well, well!” Keen scrutiny surveyed
The outward bearing of the maid.
His method close adjusted, then,
He spoke unto the child again:
“Are you not Soubirous’ Bernadette?”
The tone was chill and stinging, yet—
“Monsieur le Curé, here I stand.”
She bent to kiss his priestly hand.
“Well, Bernadette, what brings you here?”
This with a glance to waken fear.
“Monsieur le Curé, I am come,
Sent by a Lady—sent to tell”—
“Ah, you have kindly brought me some
Invented tale of Massabielle,”
Broke in the priest. With sad surprise
The child beheld his angry eyes.
“What is all this? Where will it end?
Have you no fear to so offend

The God who reads the heart within
And pours His wrath on hidden sin?"

Surprised and grieved at this harsh tone
Monsieur le Curé made his own,
For he was known as kind and mild
To every little village child,
The maiden's wonder sought his eyes,
Not knowing how to frame replies.
"Do you not know the Lady's name?"
The next interrogation came.

"Monsieur le Curé, no;
She did not tell me who she was."
"Some say that you are visionary
And think it is the Virgin Mary.
Beware! Beware! If you pretend
To see her in that Grotto place,
Though all the world your tale defend,
You'll never see her face to face.
And more; if—if a lie you tell,
At death your soul will enter hell."

"I know not if the Lady be
The Blessed Virgin; but I see
The Vision as I now see you.
She speaks to me—O, true it is
As you, Monsieur, are doing now,
The Lady with a radiant brow.

And I am sent by her to tell
Upon the rocks of Massabielle
She wants a chapel built to her."

In spite of serious doubt the while,
The priest could scarce suppress a smile,
As he connected child and mission
With his responsible position.
Some moments he stood silent there,
Breathing within a nervous prayer.
"It may be possible," he thought,
"Far greater wonders God hath wrought.
Ah, who am I—an unknown man—
To carry out the Virgin's plan.
No, no, what guaranty have I
This peasant maiden does not lie;
Led on by phantasy or terror—
I'll make no such egregious error."
Walking the floor with nervous tread,
The priest stopped suddenly, and said:
"This Lady, whose command you've given,
Were she the Virgin Queen of Heaven,
I would contribute all I own
To build here a temple throne;
My brain, my strength, my scanty dole,
And pledge success upon my soul."
"Your word, what is it?—certainty?—

Go, bring some solid proof to me.
I know not e'en this Lady's name;
Nor whether she has right to claim
So much as you for her demand.
Go, bring me proof. This, my command."

The priest continued his long stride,
And from the window, opened wide,
Observed the garden in decay,
For winter had not passed away.
"This Lady,—for I much inquire—
Has 'neath her feet a dead sweetbriar.
Inform the Vision without fear,
If she would have a chapel here,
As token of her right and power,
To cause the eglantine to flower,
And bring to me the roses wild."
So saying, he dismissed the child.

Canto IX

AT sunrise on the following day,
The miller's daughter took the way
That now her footsteps knew so well,
The path that led to Massabielle.
Arrived at her accustomed place,
Tranquil of heart, serene of face,
Breathing to Heaven a child-like prayer,
She knelt in expectation there.
As little did she heed the throng,
That crushing, pressing, came along,
As if in some great church alone,
She worshipped at the altar throne.

When first her chaplet she began,
A murmur through the people ran,
For such a light shone in her eyes,
As is unknown to our dull skies.
Such wisdom sat upon her brow,
As human life cannot endow,
Unfolding grace on graces grew,

That none could say the maid he knew.
Transformed, she seemed to mortals given,
A visitant from far-off Heaven.
And all believed who made a prayer,
She saw some blessed vision there.

Now and again she bent her head,
As if attesting something said.
At last she rose, and left her place,
And moving onward pace by pace,
Upon her knees she scaled the height,
While many questioned at the sight,
Because for five and forty feet,
She climbed so to the Grotto seat.
Those lost to view made query whence
Came penitence! penitence! penitence!

“Well, have you seen the Lady yet?
And what had she to say to you?”
“Monsieur le Curé,” said Bernadette,
“I have done what you bade me do.
I asked the Lady for some sign
That you may know her word is mine;
Told, if the rose vine at her feet
Should sudden bloom with roses sweet,
You would believe the things you heard.
The Lady smiled, but said no word.

And afterwards I heard her say,
'Pray, Bernadette, for sinners, pray.'
Then on my knees she bade me climb
The rocky steep. And three times
She cried out as I traveled thence,
 'Penitence! penitence! penitence!'
And to the people gathered hence,
She bade me cry for penitence.

 "And when I knelt within the cave,
To me one secret more she gave,
Then as I moved—the center neared,
The Lady smiling, disappeared."

 "Within the cave what have you found?"—
Monsieur le Curé looked around—

 "I noticed nothing but the rocks,
Dust, grasses, and wild growing box."

 "We shall wait," he said, "we shall wait and
 see,"

And the priest was lost in reverie.

Canto X

THE day had risen clear and bright
Above the rocks of Massabielle,
And still the pilgrims of the night
Came crowding upward through the dell.
At mention of the maiden's name,
Excitement ran through every frame,
So innate is the thrill of fear
When we believe the unseen near.
Yet, as she knelt in holy prayer,
The people instant gathered there,
And each one sought the place he knew
Would give an advantageous view.
At once the Apparition came
And called the praying child by name
As if to draw her still more near
And strengthen her 'gainst every fear,
As she, in all that Heaven planned,
Would hold her ever by the hand.

“My child,” she said, “I have for you
A last, last secret. With the two

Keep it within your heart of hearts
Until the life-breath thence departs.”
’Twas thus she clothed with three-fold power
The child against temptation’s hour.

The secret passed. The sun o’erhead
Trailed shadows o’er the distant mountain.
“Now go,” at length the Virgin said,
“And drink and wash within the fountain.
Eat of the herbs that grow beside,
The la Dorine is scattered wide.”

Alert to please, the child arose,
As turning where the river flows;
“Not there, not there,” the Virgin said,
“I spoke not of the river bed,
But here—” She pointed out a place
A corner of the Grotto base.
In that same dusty little spot,
In that same corner of the Grot
To which she climbed but yester-morn
And reached the place so very worn,
The Virgin bade her find a spring—
A strange and all unheard-of thing.

Directed by the Lady’s hand,
The child began to dig the sand;
At once the cup-like hollow filled
With water, drop by drop distilled,

Which mixing with the loosened sand
Became a puddle neath her hand.
Three times she would the liquid take,
Three times, and for the Virgin's sake;
The fourth, repugnance overcome,
She lifted it, then swallowed some;
And washed within the hollow mound,
And ate the herb which grew around.
That moment, rising to the brim,
The water filled the tiny hollow,
And leaping o'er the shining rim,
A thread-like stream began to follow.

When Bernadette these things had done,
The Virgin brighter than the sun
Smiled satisfaction all around,
Then bent her look upon the ground.
The spring lay glancing new and bright,
It seemed to fill her eye with gladness,
But ever and anon their light
Was veiled with thought akin to sadness.
One lifted glance fell on the child,
Slowly and meaningly she smiled,
As one remembering in some way—
As one would say,—

“See, Bernadette, enduring token,
That I from Massabielle have spoken.”

She then withdrew from vital air,
And left a gloomy cavern there.

The spring from dawn to midnight hour
Showed forth the Virgin's gentle power,
The sick, infirm were carried there,
And miracles were wrought by prayer,
Till myriads who weakly came,
Made whole, returned to spread the fame,
That every human ill was cured
When faith approached the Spring of Lourdes.

Canto XI

THE last day of the Quinzaine came,
And dawn from many lands by fame,
Full twenty thousand people stood
Along the Gave, the rocks, the wood.
And every soul assembled there
Was burdened with a load of care.
Here was the rough-hewn Christian found,
The atheist trod the self-same ground,
The doubter near to him was seen,
Standing true faith and hope between;
The sceptic looking out for proof,
The infidel refusing truth;
And every man of every kind
All held some thought of reverence yet,
When through the air rang, "Bernadette!"

At once the superhuman ray
Lit up the features of the child,
The same as on that first glad day
The Apparition on her smiled.

And at the sight, to silence moved,
So great a hush and calm ensued,
The infant spring was plainly heard
To bubble when the waters stirred.
As on the last preceding day
When Bernadette knelt down to pray,
The Virgin bade her drink the water
And find the herb which she had taught her.

Again the Virgin bade her go
And tell the priest she wished it so—
That they would build a chapel there
That great processions might repair
Unto the Rock of Massabielle
To seek her aid—the sick—the well.
And then the child besought the Vision
To inform her of her name;
But with sweet though firm decision
She refused the maiden's claim.
She would have her name appealing
To the heart by her good deeds,
Would be known till its revealing
As the heart that intercedes.

Canto XII

ALMOST a month had passed away
Since last at rosy break of day
She heard the voice she loved so well
Urge on to visit Massabielle.
But Bernadette for many an hour
Kept watch before the rocky bower
That once again, were she discreet,
The Blessed Virgin she might greet.
But watching, waiting—all was vain,
The Lady did not come again.
And so, with many a soulful cry,
The time fled on and swiftly by.

'Twas glad Annunciation Day,
And all the Christian world was singing
The "Ave" of that elder lay
Which Gabriel earthward bringing
Saluted Mary: "full of grace!"
And sang redemption to our race.

But now what rapture fills the sight!
For there upon the rocky height
The Vision comes with pitying grace
And makes a Heaven of the place.
So well was Bernadette repaid
For little sacrifices made.

The Vision wore the luminous brow
And smiled as with unusual joy,
As if the thought that gladdened now,
Eternity might not destroy.

As ever, robed in folds of snow,
Gleamy and soft with starry glow,
A girdle of celestial blue
Circles her waist—divides in two—
Then flowing in long ribbons down
Reaches the border of her gown;
A veil drawn back to please desire
Enwraps—completes her whole attire.
Two roses breathing at her feet,
The tinge when dawn and darkness meet,
Unearthly fair, unearthly dressed,
The Queen of Heaven stood thus confessed.

“O Lady, whosoe’er thou art,
Be kind and now thy name impart,”
In rapture cried the little child;

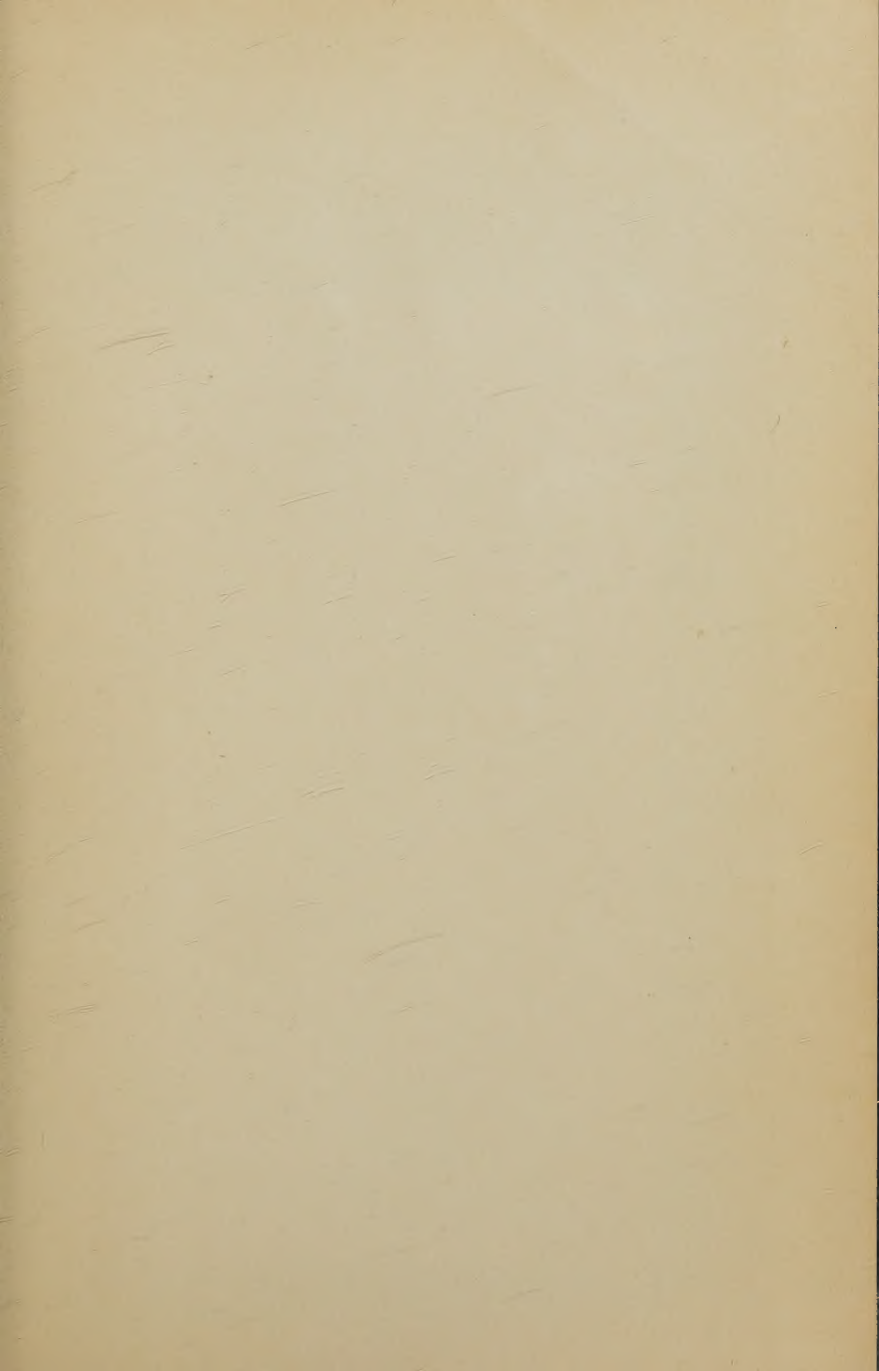
Benignly down the Vision smiled,
And while she spoke not in reply,
The one true Church sang solemnly:—
“O holy, pure Virginitv,
What praises may we give to thee?”
But none of this the child heard there
Wrapt in the ecstasy of prayer,
Such feelings made her heart rejoice,
Again she lifted up her voice:—
“O Lady, whosoe’er thou art,
Be kind and now thy name impart,”
The praises of God’s holy one,
In joyful tone the Church sang on—

“Hail, full of grace, the Lord is with thee,
Blessed thou to all eternity.”

The Vision grew in glory’s flame,
Yet smiling still withheld her name.
Once more the child unto the throne
Lifted her voice in suppliant tone—
“O Lady, whosoe’er thou art,
Be kind, thy glorious name impart.”

The Virgin now unclasped her hands,
And slipping off the chaplet bands,
Opened her arms as on the ground
She feign would scatter blessings round.

Then looked on high—her attitude
Expressing boundless gratitude,
And said with love's sublime perception:
"I am the Immaculate Conception."



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